

**A PRAYER FOR OUR LANDS**

***Open Letter to Klaus Schwab, Anthony Fauci,  
Patch Adams and Beloved Oisin***

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***“Come unto me, ye who are weary and heavy laden,  
And I will give you rest.***

***~ Take my yoke upon you and learn of me ~***

***For I am meek and lowly in heart,  
And ye shall find rest unto your soul.  
For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.”***

(

~ Xristos ~

)

*“That this nation, under God, SHALL have a new birth of freedom and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall NOT perish from the earth.” [CAPITALS ADDED]*

Abraham Lincoln, “Gettysburg Address

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*“The tools of the fourth industrial revolution enable new forms of surveillance and other means of control that run counter to healthy, open societies . . . . [Yet citizens] will have to stop objecting to businesses profiting from harnessing and selling information about every aspect of our personal lives.”*

Klaus Schwab, Founder & Exec. Chairman, The World Economic Forum at Davos

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*“Zwei Seelen wohnen, ach! In meiner Brust”  
“Two souls dwell, alas, in my breast.”*

Goethe’s *Faust*

Klaus Schwab,  
Founder & Executive Chairman,  
The World Economic Forum  
Davos, Switzerland

***“Without a vision, the People Perish.”***

Dear Klaus,

If the attached birthday greeting did not arrive on time, I send it anew — with all good wishes.

Nearly half a year has gone into its inscription. If you’re granted the presence of mind, old friend, such a “testament,” Open Letter — a long time coming — will not take your precious time. Rather, it will give/render you time — intimations of eternity.

My respects and best wishes.

*Con-cord-e,*

Stuart-Sinclair Weeks

P. S. An open response is most welcome, as the spirit moves you.

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I write, Klaus, as the founder of The Center for American Studies at Concord, Massachusetts, USA < [www.concord-ium.us](http://www.concord-ium.us) >, for many the heart and soul of this nation, and as a descendent of one of the older military-political-business families on this shore of this our ever “New World.”

During your studies at Harvard with Henry, I imagine you traversed the John Wingate Weeks and Sinclair Weeks Bridges over the Charles River, kicked up your heels at one of the celebrated tangos.

I write on behalf of our fellow Concordians, near and far, on behalf, thereto, Klaus — if these words are worthy — of the 99% of our larger Human Family, the increasingly dispossessed of the earth. In your own words:

***“By 2030 you’ll own nothing and be happy about it.”***

(If you insist, Klaus? Whether, we like it or not?)

This Open Letter, passage from *A Prayer for Our Lands* began on the eve of your 54th annual gathering of the World Economic Forum, entitled “REBUILDING TRUST.”

Your gathering commenced — coincidentally/providentially? — on Martin Luther King Day, January 15th, 2024. May this offering contribute to the rebuilding of the kingly trust of which you speak.

That is, I take you at your word, Klaus. More seriously — might it be? — than you take your Self? With respect, that is, to this mounting drama, “The Global Pandemic,” into which we’ve been cast, together, as witting/unwitting actors?

“It was the best of times and the worst of times.”

*The worst of times and the very best.*

TIMING

~ ~ ~

*“We fancy we hate poets, but we are all poets and mystics.”*

Ralph Waldo Emerson

We are all, that is, *human beings, human beings, human beings* —  
striving, old friend, to become ever more humane.

In light of the foregoing, Klaus, where to begin . . . . carry on with such an offering?  
Long-awaited?

An exchange comes to heart and mind, Klaus, that arose during my Wanderjahren,  
years of apprenticeship in your Vaterland, Germany.

As I was making my way up the sidewalk of one of Stuttgart’s many hills, I passed an  
older German man, working in his yard. Looking up, he didn’t need to glance long to  
note that I was an American. A veteran of a Second World War, perchance, his  
comments about the US were not endearing. They concluded with the statement that  
*“The American just chases the buck.”*

Nodding, I continued along my way as a response, an internal dialogue arose within me:

*And what is behind the buck?  
Once upon a time gold standard?  
And what’s behind the gold?  
Originally the sun?  
And what’s behind the sun?*

What is the American, the German, what are the People, We, truly chasing?

I trust, Klaus, that the question is clear.

I ask for might it lead us to the heart of the matter?

What role, may I ask, brother, have you envisioned yourself playing in this MOUNTING  
drama, “The Global Pandemic”?

I do so, ask — with all respects due — for a king has been said to have tipped his cap to  
thee, a pope to have declared thou a modern day savior, corporate CEOs to have sung  
your praises . . . . On the one side.

On the other side, you’ve been spoken of as one who “sits at the centre of this matrix  
(World Economic Forum) like a spider on a giant web.” A most “respectable scoundrel,”

in Lincoln's words, who (can one say?), driven by mechanics, machines, machinations, is bent and determined — wittingly/unwittingly — to engineer the entire world . . . . To its very doom, if you/we would have it — at the hand of a feted **intelligence** (AI) that is anything but artful, creative, inspired. That is, indeed, **artificial**/false/fake/unnatural.

**“Without a vision ~ human/humane ~ the People perish.”**

Can it be?

Are we bent and determined to destroy our minds, as we are developing our brains, with such con-trap-tions that are trapping humankind — kidnapping our kids; hijacking many a parent, going so fast that our best thoughts, wits themselves can't catch up to us . . . .

*And you, Klaus?*

What, pray tell, are we to make of such diverging, such contrasting assessments of your worldly labors? Truth be told? How do you envision yourself in the unfolding drama? Words of your “Landsmann,” Novalis, one of humanity's godfathers, come to heart and mind.

*Wenn dann sich wieder Licht und Schatten, zu echter Klarheit werden gatten.  
When once again light and shadow wed themselves to clarity true.*

I ask in the spirit of Parzival's long-awaited question — “*What ails thee?*” — to the ailing Fisher King, Amfortas. I ask, Klaus, in the words of the Croatian poet, Tin Ujevic:

*“What is so beautiful about my memory to be preserved?  
Only my **tears** and my **prayers**, because they have been pure.”*

Your day of birth, ever and renewed birth approaches, Klaus.

*May it be so.*

May you be granted, old friend, many happy — and illuminating — returns.

May the following song, a song of re-birth, serve such an end?

*Where have all the flowers gone, long time passing?  
Where have all the flowers gone, long time ago?  
Where have all the flowers gone?  
Young girls have picked them everyone.  
When will they ever learn?  
When will they ever learn?*

*Where have all the young girls gone, long time passing?  
Where have all the young girls gone, long time ago?  
Where have all the young girls gone?  
Gone for husbands everyone.  
When will they ever learn?  
When will they ever learn?*

*Where have all the husbands gone, long time passing?  
Where have all the husbands gone, long time ago?  
Where have all the husbands gone?  
Gone for soldiers everyone  
When will they ever learn?  
When will they ever learn?*

*Where have all the soldiers gone, long time passing?  
Where have all the soldiers gone, long time ago?  
Where have all the soldiers gone?  
Gone to graveyards, everyone.  
When will they ever learn?  
When will they ever learn?*

*Where have all the graveyards gone, long time passing?  
Where have all the graveyards gone, long time ago?  
Where have all the graveyards gone?  
Gone to flowers, everyone.  
Oh, when will they ever learn?  
Oh, when will they ever learn?*

When, old friend, will we ever learn? When will we ever learn?

~

As I write, Klaus, my dear old Dad comes to mind, veteran of the Second World War, Chairman and CEO of one of the oldest family-owned businesses in its day in our land,

and Director of the National Association of Manufacturers. I was blessed — more than I could have imagined — to accompany my father to the threshold on his 99th year.

In speaking about him to friends, I often found myself remarking, “I’m not sure my Father comprehended a single thing I said here on earth. (When, that is, the subject was grounded in the Top-Line). But, *but* . . . all he and I had to do was to look into each other’s eyes . . . And we were connected by a still deeper bond.”

Indeed, Klaus, do we, human beings, not *know* more than we *understand*, consciously? Indeed, is not our task to come to *understand* what we *know*. To bring that knowing to the light of day, to make it our own?

It was given to me to care for my father during the concluding months of his life, a parting most memorable. The following passage is drawn, Klaus, from the final in “The Cat Bow Trilogy” that I inscribed: *An Estate of Siege: To Whom Much is Given* . . . I commend to you the exchange, heart-to-heart.

Do you recall, Father, what, over your last weeks here on earth, I was moved to say to you on occasion, when you appeared to be far, far away . . . ?

*“It’s time for us to go to work, Father.”*

Here on earth, to set the stage. Before, that is, you lifted your “wings,” found yourself On High in the heavens.

Your response to my words, such a quiet divination, was varied.

That is, sometimes you turned to me with a more focused and directed gaze . . . and said nothing . . . You were open, attentive, hearkening to my words.

Other times you responded softly, uncertainly: *“What do you mean, Stuart?”* The first time you voiced that question, I had to pause . . . and consider. For my gentle exhortation (*“It’s time for us to go to work, father”*) was neither pre-meditated nor entirely deliberate. Rather, I was responding to what was stirring in my heart.

My unwitting response to your searching question (*“What do you mean, Stuart?”*) was to give voice to a line from our national song:

*“America, America, may God thy gold \_\_\_\_\_”*

**“Refine.”**

You responded. Your gaze, resting in mine, awoke — with a deep nod — a grateful smile on my face.

I took a long-awaited breath, went on:

*“Till all success be \_\_\_\_\_*

You hearkened, before responding further, your voice resounding quietly from the expanses.

**“Nobleness.”**

Did that second utterance of yours, the revelation occur during our first exchange noted or a subsequent one?

I do not recall. I took another deep breath, as the smile spread on across my face.

We were doing the work, *together*, on the threshold itself, that work, dear Father, that I had long envisioned . . . . Grateful, deeply grateful I was.

There was only one line to go in that earthly rehearsal for the collaboration, heart~to~heart, that I trusted was before us.

In the final days, before you lay down your head/offered up your spirit, we completed, together, that oft forsaken verse of our national song:

*America, America, may God thy gold **refine**,  
Till all success be **nobleness**,  
And . . . .*

Long we, father and son, gazed into each other’s eyes.

You, the old New Englander, man of affairs, a business leader, practical, pragmatic, down to earth . . . . attentive, duly attentive to the bottom-line.

Me, the younger cultural entrepreneur, idealistic, devoted, attentive, ever attentive to the TOP-LINE: *In God We Trust*.

Father and son, what could constitute a better team, dear Dad? What could be a more auspicious time “to go to work,” in order to carry on those labors that, unrequited, we never quite got to, together, here on earth?

I refer to those labors of love, redemptive love, which now rose up in that moment before us.

*Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done.  
On earth as in the heavens.*

Long and long I gazed into your eyes, silently, deeply, tenderly, as the words from our national song, the forgotten/forsaken verse arose on my lips:



*“And every gain” . . .*

**“Divine.”**

Your response, long-awaited, the final words I heard from your lips . . . took away my breath.

I nodded, smiled, wiped the brimming tears in that moment, as I pause to wipe them now.

You knew.

I knew you knew for the n'er 70 years of our life together/apart. I knew you knew that it — our relationship — was all about balance, the striving for balance.

The ~ balance ~ between matter (materialism) and energy (the spirit).

The ~ balance ~ between the bottom line and the Top-Line.

The ~ balance ~ between the heavens and the earth, herself.

*“America, America, may God thy gold **refine**,  
Till all success be **nobleness**,  
And every gain **divine**.”*

Words, Father, of our old Concord neighbor, its Sage, Ralph Waldo Emerson, kindle my heart and mind:

*“Man is the facade of a temple wherein all wisdom and goodness abide. What we commonly call man, the eating, drinking, planing, counting man does not, as we know him, represent himself, but misrepresent himself. . . Him do we not respect. But, the soul, whose organ he is, could he let it appear through his senses, would make our knees bend.”*

So it is, dear Dad. I bend down on my knees to thee: My Father, who art (now also) in the heavens.

AMEN

~ ~ ~

*“From now on, though living outwardly and visibly on the earth, you will live at the same time in the realm of death, that is in the realm of eternal life. Indeed, I am your angel of death. But, at the same time I also bring you never-ending higher life. While living in the body, you will die through me and experience rebirth into indestructible existence.”*

Are you with me, Klaus? Is the thread clear?

How do you envision your Self? As the God that, in your “brother” George Soros’ searching “testament,” *Soros on Soros*, he confessed himself to be? Or as a half/demi-god, a demagogue? Or a mortal mere, a fellow human being?

Pray tell . . . .

Old habits persist, do they not? Carried over from one age into the next . . . ?

“There is in the minds of men”, wrote Cicero, one of the great authorities of the ages, *“I know not from whence it comes, a certain presage of future existences, and it takes deepest root in the greatest geniuses and most exalted souls.”*

Closer to home (and with a twinkle in his eyes), old Ben Franklin offered his own perspective on our “immortality,” his confession of faith, as he peered over his aging spectacles into the boundless future:

THE BODY  
OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN  
PRINTER

*Like the cover of an old book,  
Its contents worn out,  
And stripped of its lettering and gilding,  
Lies here, food for worms.  
But the work shall not be lost.  
For it will, as he believed, appear once more,  
In a new and more elegant edition,  
Revised and corrected by*

The Author

If such a new revised “edition”, indeed, lies open before each of us, Klaus, can we read the script, grasp the moral of such age-old stories.

The point being, old friend: I can well imagine that each and every actor in this drama that we find ourselves in — the “good guys”/gals and “bad,” the villains alike — I can

well imagine that we're ALL convinced, convicted by the conviction that what we are doing is for the good, is necessary, called for, is right.

The questions being twofold:

1) Right for whom, the 1% or the 99%?

I ask with a passage from another fellow Concordian, an old friend, Henry David Thoreau in mind:

*"It is time we had uncommon schools. It is time that villages were universities . . . . That is the uncommon school we want. Instead of noblemen, let us have noble villages of men."* And women.

Old habits, fixations, Klaus, aside, Henry David was speaking to the "New World" nobility that is borne not of blood, the bonds that bind us, but of Spirit.

2) With respect to what we are doing, can we not have the greatest, most beneficent, "what" in the world . . . . undermined by the "why" and "how"? Most deceptive appearances can, indeed, be, often are. To wit, witness, you write:

*"It is, therefore, critical that we invest attention and energy in multi-stakeholder cooperation across academic, social, political, national and industry boundaries. These interactions and collaborations are needed to create positive, common and hope-filled narratives, enabling individuals and groups from all parts of the world to participate in, and benefit from, the ongoing transformations".*

What, what could be better, Klaus in theory?

And in practice, if I might ask?

In response to your words, "invocation," Klaus, Forbes Magazine wrote that in the capitalism of which you speak *"firms can go on privately shoveling money to shareholders and executives, while maintaining a public front of exquisite social sensitivity and exemplary altruism . . . . But in a general social context, the stakeholder concept is even more nefarious, discarding any idea of democracy, rule by the people, in favor of rule by corporate interests."*

Details, details . . . . wherein the Devil, itself, doth dwell.

The further question — with respect to such reckonings — being whether we, Klaus, are in our right and rightful minds? *Can one say?*

That is, have we paused long enough in our all so worldly pursuits — *the failures of success* — to consider that “we reap what we sow,” “what goes around, comes around”? Simply stated: For every action, there is an equal, opposite, if not greater reaction. When, that is, we are intent on *not* learning the lessons that life grants us.

“Many are called; few are chosen.”

*And fewer still, Klaus, make the choice?*

While they can, are able to on *this* side of the veil, the Great Divide, where it counts, our seeds are sown to bear forth their bitter-sweet fruits.

So it is, old friend. If I may suggest? A veritable reckoning awaits us, in deed, as a result of our very deeds.

~ ~ ~

### **The Backdrop to the Drama**

***“The sins of the fathers are visited upon the sons.”***

Until redeemed, made good, blessed.

Before I proceed further with this reckoning, Klaus, a long-time coming, these opening passages from *A Prayer for Our Lands*, may — with your good graces — widen, broaden, and deepen the conversation, our “Heart-to-Heart,” brother.

With respect to the forbears noted at the outset of this offering, and with respect to the foregoing promise of love, redemptive love, there is a decisive moment in the historic film *Amistad* that resounds on in my mind.

Former President John Quincy Adams and his fellow counsel are conferring with Cinque, the leader of the enslaved Africans who were captured on the ship *Amistad*.

They are about to bring their case before the United States Supreme Court itself. The trials and tribulations have been long, and Adams is most uncertain about the outcome, the fate of the beleaguered Africans.

The story, Klaus, is not only true but truer than life itself — that life to which we are otherwise given.

Adams addresses Cinque in film:

*“Look. I'm being honest with you. Anything less would be disrespectful. I'm telling you; I'm preparing you; I suppose I'm explaining to you, that the test ahead of us is an exceptionally difficult one.”*

Un-phased, Cinque responds through his interpreter: *“We won't be going in there alone.”*

*“Alone? Indeed not,”* Adams responds emphatically, *“We have right at our side. We have righteousness at our side . . . .”*

The enslaved raises his hand, interrupts the former President of the United States:

*“I meant my ancestors. I will call into the past, far back to the beginning of time, and beg them to come and help me at the judgment. I will reach back and draw them into me. And they must come, for at this moment I am the whole reason they have existed at all.”*

Can it be, Klaus . . . . otherwise?

That I do, on your behalf, as we speak; I call upon *my* ancestors and, thereto, on three kinsmen of yours — whose labors of love, redemptive love, were devoted to reviving the Spirit of Middle Europe, your land, Heartland.

With respect to the former, my forbears, the last n'er 10 generations in my family have served in state or national office — going back, I'm told, to our beginnings, the Mayflower and Plimoth (Plymouth) Colony.

That said, this heartfelt reckoning begins in more recent times with my grandfather and great grandfather. The following verse introduces the biography of the latter. John Wingate Weeks is best known as author of the Weeks Act, which established the granite cornerstone for the conservation movement globally; as one of the central actors in one of the central dramas of our age: the passage of the Federal Reserve Act, itself; and, having been chosen as the most peaceful candidate in his class at Annapolis Navel Academy, as one who went on to become the Secretary of War in the cabinets of Presidents Harding and Coolidge.

### **In Memoriam**

*Whose life in low estate began,  
And in a simple village green;  
Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,  
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,  
And breasts the blows of circumstance  
And grapples with his evil star;  
Who makes by force his merits known*

*And lives to clutch the golden keys,  
To mold a mighty state's decrees,  
And shape the whisper of the throne.*

Alfred Lord Tennyson

We will return, Klaus, to and pick up this familial thread, in the dawning light — the Good Lord willing — of my question: Who are you, brother? What is your role/part in the MOUNTING drama, your “calling”? And . . . are you fulfilling it, truly?

Or, might you find yourself going through the motions, part of the ongoing problem — truth be told — as opposed to the long-awaited solution? If so, “*What ails thee . . . ?*”

Novalis, the “New Man,” focuses this question, our “calling,” in a conversation between the age-old Sphinx and young aspiring child:

“What doth thou seek?” asked the Sphinx.  
“*Mine [inner] **inheritance***” responded Fabel.  
“From whence doth thou come?” asked the Sphinx.  
“*Out of ancient times*” responded Fabel.  
“Thou art but a child” noted the Sphinx.  
“*And I will eternally be a child.*”  
“Who stands for you?” asked the Sphinx.  
“*I stand for myself*” [True Self] responded Fabel.

We stand, thereby, brother, one for the other.

~ ~ ~

*“The 4th revolution is not coming like the waves in the ocean, small waves.  
It’s coming like a giant TSUNAMI!”*

Klaus Schwab

Is it so, Klaus? Like a giant Tsunami . . . . Another song of the 60’s returns to heart and mind:

*Come gather 'round people  
Wherever you roam  
And admit that the waters  
Around you have grown*

*And accept it that soon  
You'll be drenched to the bone  
If your time to you is worth savin'  
Then you better start swimmin'  
Or you'll sink like a stone  
For the times they are a-changin'*

*Come writers and critics  
Who prophesize with your pen  
And keep your eyes wide  
The chance won't come again  
And don't speak too soon  
For the wheel's still in spin  
And there's no tellin' who  
That it's namin'  
For the loser now  
Will be later to win  
For the times they are a-changin'*

*Come senators, congressmen  
Please heed the call  
Don't stand in the doorway  
Don't block up the hall  
For he that gets hurt  
Will be he who has stalled  
The battle outside is ragin'  
Will soon shake your windows  
And rattle your walls  
For the times they are a-changin'*

*Come mothers and fathers  
Throughout the land  
And don't criticize  
What you can't understand  
Your sons and your daughters  
Are beyond your command  
Your old road is rapidly agin'  
Please get out of the new one  
If you can't lend your hand  
For the times they are a-changin'*

*The line it is drawn  
The curse it is cast  
The slow one now  
Will later be fast  
As the present now*

*Will later be past  
The order is rapidly fadin'  
And the first one now  
Will later be last*

For the Times They Are A-Changin'

What lies deepest on my heart, Klaus, with respect to such a reckoning, was given voice in a latter passage from this prayer that you hold in your hand. That passages addresses two celebrated doctors, Patch Adams and Anthony Fauci. God bless them, and 'keep' them, and let His illumined light shine down upon them.

The passage follows, old friend,, and introduces their, and our, Mother, the Mother of Mothers: This second *Prayer for Our Lands* has been a long time coming.

~

This prayer was inspired, Anthony, by your remarkable utterance during the Wall Street Journal podcast at the outset of the pandemic.

The podcast was held two years ago to (my surprise) this very day that I pen these opening words, May 8, 2022. The push for social distancing/*anti-social distancing* was approaching shove. Your utterance, old friend — speaking for yourself, your *true* Self, can we assume? — was clear and to the point:

*"I hope that we will never have to shake another hand."*

That statement of *yours*, Anthony, called forth this following response, which I have been moving in my heart over these last 2 years.

It has taken my most recent passage through the depths to do justice, at long last, to your concern: the shaking of another's hand.

And the *taking* of the other's hand, old friend?

The hand, for instance, of a lonely, locked-down grandparent, an ailing father, a distressed and beleaguered mother, fearful and forlorn children — the hand of a perfect/imperfect stranger . . . . Or, Anthony, the hand of your own mother? Were she still alive.

*"Our Lady showed me something during the apparition (in Medjugorje), which I cannot speak about,"* the young visionary, Mirjana stated most movingly, *"but what shook me the most was the intense sadness on her face."*



*“I’ve seen women on earth, who were suffering, but nothing compares to the pain on Our Lady’s face.”*

*“I envy those who never witnessed her sorrow . . . .”*

I ask this question, Anthony — the taking of your earthly mother’s hand — for a reason. As I trust you can imagine.

That reason your “brother,” Patch Adams, addressed in his inimitable way. Descendent of John and John Quincy Adams, an international folk hero, and among the 2021 nominees for the Nobel Peace Prize, at 77 the good doctor is still alive and dancing.

Though, can one say, Patch, that you’ve been slowed down a bit, stricken by your “jab”?

Be that as it is, not long ago, Anthony, Klaus, friends, I got a call from Patch.

Do you remember, dear ‘brother’? You were calling me from a leper colony in South America.

Patch’s words offered a striking contrast, Anthony, to yours, as noted, to your hand-less “hope.” The call was memorable, to say the least, vintage Patch:

*“Stuart, I’ve been holding these blessed souls (lepers) in my arms for a week. **And it has been a privilege.**”*

A *privilege*, Anthony, hands aside, to hold another in our arms, our very arms?

Can it be?

A dear old gal, Mother Teresa comes to heart and mind, as we speak.

So it is.

Mirjana continues with her “confession”:

*“It pains Our Lady most when she sees that we haven’t tried to change, when our hearts remain hard and indifferent, when we’ve chosen the path of ruin rather than salvation . . . .”*

*“Imagine a mother here on earth, whose son has fallen into the wrong crowd, and lives in darkness. He doesn’t talk to his mother anymore because he knows . . . .”*

*“Think of that mother’s pain. Now, multiply that pain by a billion and imagine looking into her eyes.”*

Can we, will we envision such suffering, Anthony, Klaus?

Can you imagine, Dr. FAUCI?

Will you lay down your sickle, scythe and behold your shorn “harvest” . . . discover, ANTHONY, what you — your patron saint aside — may have lost: your very soul?

*“That’s what it’s like to see our lady when she prays for her countless children who’ve gone astray . . . .”*

*“Consider the indescribable grief of a mother who has lost a child. Our mother in heaven grieves for every single child she loses.”*

*“During the second of the month’s apparitions,” Mirjana noted, “I sometimes see tears on Our Lady’s face. She loves her children more than we can ever imagine, and she cries for each one who goes astray. If you ever saw her tears just once,” Anthony, Mirjana goes on to say, “I’m certain you would dedicate your life to praying for her intentions.”*

Need more be said, Anthony, Patch, Klaus? Need more be said, friends, about the shaking/taking of hands in our times . . . . about social/**anti**-social distancing . . . . about the forlorn human touch?

***“Whatever you do unto the least of your brethren,  
you do unto me.”***

~ ~ ~

This prayer was inscribed, Klaus, friends, amidst the unfolding drama into which we’ve been cast together as aspiring actors: **“The Global Pandemic”**.

That said, in commending this prayer to you, “brother,” I appreciate that you have much on your own plate.

Accordingly, not wishing to take your time, unduly, I invite you not to read on, unless the following 3 points, and then a fourth, make sense, are for you, indeed, *to the point*:

1) You are most sincere in your call for “meaningful connection between stakeholders,” in order to address our MOUNTING mis-fortunes.

That is, I can take you at your word, outspoken.

2) You welcome perspectives that may not only complement but broaden and illumine your own angle of vision.

In such respects, do I rightly assume, Klaus, that you do *not* consider yourself omniscient, all-knowing? I ask for my own life-philosophy, in such regards, is a simple one. That is: I hope not only to learn something new each day, but since I trust that I have still a good many days to live, I am well aware that I have MUCH to learn.

3) You appreciate the fact that, as mortals mere, we will not only err along life's ways — that we can be certain of — but less certain is the kindred conviction that we can also make good. Where there is a will, there is always, and ever, a way. If, Klaus, such a way we seek . . . . other than to perdition, to hell in a hand basket.

4) Thereto, further words of Emerson come to heart and mind: "*We are greater than ourselves . . . . gods in ruins.*" Can it be.

**"I, EYE, AYE!"**

~ ~ ~

The initial *Prayer for Our Land* unfolded, Klaus, in the devastating aftermaths of 9/11, the "new Pearl Harbor" that, as noted in the following, was painstakingly wrought by the worldly "powers that [would] be".

### **We have met the enemy, and they is us?**

As glimpsed in these unfolding pages, that original prayer touched many hearts around the world, including those of a blessed soul, whose path you may have crossed, Jack Fobes, former Deputy Director General, UNESCO. In his 86th year, Jack wrote:

*"I returned, Stuart, from a student conference and, to be honest, I was depressed, depressed about the world we've created for our youth. When I arrived home, I picked up your prayer, and it gave me heart. It inspired me to write in my diary: I will continue with more fervor in my civic duties and service. Thank you."*

As I trust will become clear in the following, I speak NOT of mere "*conspiracies*," Klaus. Far from it. Rather, as the grandson of Eisenhower's Secretary of Commerce, America's principle business spokesperson, I speak of "business as usual". In the words of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, one "in the know":

*"The real truth of the matter is, as you and I know, that a financial element in the large centers has owned the government ever since the days of Andrew Jackson . . . . In politics nothing happens by **accident**. If it happens, you can bet it was planned that way."*

The old Devil dwelling ever in the details, *The Project for the New American Century* spoke of such painstaking planning.

In particular its authors noted that the military expansion that they sought (on behalf of their donors, the Military Industrial Complex itself, about which President Eisenhower, our former Supreme Allied Commander, himself, solemnly warned us) — the authors of *The Project for the New American Century* noted that such militarized expansion would be difficult unless “a new Pearl Harbor occurred.” That is: A (planned) catastrophe that would galvanize the support of a shocked and fear-mongered American citizenry. As noted, business as usual.

“9/11” . . . . and two decades later “Event 201” itself, the dress-rehearsal for the Global Pandemic? A surprise . . . .

Can it be, Klaus, truth be told?

The point being: We speak here, on the shores of this New World, of our “American Dream.”

If we pause long enough to consider what we are actually saying, can it be that — if We, the People are, indeed, dreaming — we are, in fact, *asleep*?

If so, what will it take for us to awaken, awaken as Americans from, and to, our dream — our True Dream? Before that dream becomes the nightmare that a large and growing number of fellow citizens fear, before the awakening becomes a rude one, indeed?

~

If the question is clear, might it bring us, Klaus, to your very role — witting or otherwise — your part in the drama, **The Global Pandemic**?

For if a drama it is, in truth, *not* a play, play but a drama most dramatic . . . . I trust it is clear that “good guys” and “gals” alone (actors and actresses) will not suffice — with one and all living “happily ever after” *from the outset* . . . .

No, will we not only need a number of scoundrels — respectable or otherwise — to rouse us, the audience, from our slumber, open our eyes, escort/compel us to the edge of our seats . . . . and inspire us to arise and step forth onto the stage, into the mounting drama . . . ?

*But*, if we are, indeed, to awaken, do not such veritable villains, bad guys and gals alike, need to be really good — *actors*?

If, to repeat, the drama is to be truly compelling, dramatic — if it is to inspire the greater cast, humankind, to fulfill Lincoln’s opening words: government of, by, for the people shall NOT perish from the earth . . . .

A WAKE UP called is, indeed, called for.

I trust these words are clear.

~ ~ ~

I conclude this opening passage of the prayer, Klaus, with an invocation, if you will, by Dr. Martin/Michael King. Michael (as in the archangel itself) being Dr. King's birth/baptized name.

The invocation is introduced with a memorable exchange that I had with one of Dr. King's spirited "lieutenants," former Ambassador Andrew Young, and with a related reflection by Concord's native sons, Thoreau. Henry David was an inspiration, no less, to both Andrew and Michael/Martin. The exchange with Ambassador Young resounds on . . . .

"Can it be, Andrew, that those who are **bad** (i.e. "racists") are really **mad** because they are, in fact, **sad** because they are, in truth, **scad**?  
Andrew's response was simple and to the point:

**"Amen."**

Scared of what, Klaus?

Our mortality alone, death itself: "The Great Reaper" that, for many, stands off in the distance at their life's end . . . . Or, as addressed more fully in this aspiring prayer — might they/we be scared of life, the life that we find ourselves in the midst of as we speak — a life little imagined . . . . *envisioned*.

*"I went to the woods," Thoreau went on to state, "because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life and see what it had to teach. And not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived."*

Truly.

Imagine.

Can we? Will we . . . ?

Michael King's words that follow set the stage for this offering, Klaus, heart-to-heart. In so doing, they would distinguish this prayer from those communications — impassioned and otherwise — that have been addressed to you. Dr. King wrote:

*"Man must evolve for all human conflict a method which rejects revenge, aggression and retaliation. The foundation of such a method is love . . . . I have decided to stick with love. Hate is too great a burden to bear. We must develop and maintain the capacity to forgive. He who is devoid of the power to forgive is*

*devoid of the power to love . . . . Darkness cannot drive out darkness; only light can do that. Hate cannot drive out hate; only love can do that, redemptive love.”*

So be it, friend.

*~ May the Peace be with Us / We with the Peace ~*

~ ~ ~

Picking up the foregoing thread, with respect to our forbears, your own path, Klaus, may have crossed that of my grandfather spoken of.

At war's end, Sinclair Weeks went on run two family companies, while serving as the “boy mayor” of the city of West Newton, Massachusetts. His service continued in the US Senate, during which time he led the delegation of American businessmen to Europe, which came up with the recommendation of the Marshall Plan.

Sinclair Weeks went on, as also noted, to become not only America's principle business spokesperson in his day, as Secretary of Commerce under Eisenhower, *but* in victorious post WW II America, the leading nation on earth, as one of the leading spokespersons for free enterprise globally.

A mover and shaker, in that capacity Secretary Weeks headed up what is considered to be the largest public works project in the history of the world: the US Interstate Highway and Defense System, from the tip of Florida to the outreaches of Alaska and Hawaii.

Taking the foregoing into account, the *main* lesson I learned from my grandfather, Klaus, was a most memorable, most human/humane one that has accompanied me over my 3 score ten years plus. That is, simply expressed:

*“A person cannot know, rightly ascertain one's own value, even greatness, unless we have a HIGHER standard up against which we can measure ourselves.”*

So it is for many who achieve such fame and fortune. Can one say, old friend?

That is, many who look up to esteemed souls such as my grandfather, find themselves compelled to do all they can to please, bow down to such figures: “*Yes, Mr. Weeks!*” “*Of course, Mr. Weeks!*” “*Whatever you say, Mr. Weeks!*”

All too few offer the reminder that not only my grandfather but anyone “worth their salt” (as we say here across the ocean), that all people of conscience, Klaus, wait to hear: “***No, Mr. Weeks. There's something/somespirit even greater than you . . . . as you, your Self know.***”

For, without such a standard, are we, mortals mere, not doomed to suffer from the aforementioned **failures of success**? What, indeed, does it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his soul?

Trusting these words are clear, a fuller account of the forbears of whom I spoke is offered in the unfolding pages of this prayer.

Your colleague, George Soros, spoke to such failures (“disease” in his words) in the following excerpt from his aforementioned book *Soros on Soros*:

*“I fancied myself as some kind of god . . . . If truth be known, I carried some rather potent messianic fantasies with me from childhood, [that old, age-old habit?] which I felt I had to control, otherwise they might get me in trouble.”*

*“It is a sort of disease when you consider yourself some kind of god, the creator of everything, but I feel comfortable about it now, since I began to live it out.”*

To feel comfortable with such a disease? What, Klaus, are we to understand from George’s words? What do you understand? Pray tell . . . .

I conclude this passage of the prayer with glimpse from < “The Lord of Cat Bow” > — a love story/story of love, eternal love about the relationship between a grandfather and his grandson through the seasons of the year and the seasons of a life-time. I trust such a heartfelt reckoning is not entirely un-familiar to you. A grandfather, great grandfather in your own right?

The story, which I was given to inscribe, was inspired by a dream to which I awoke on the night that we laid my grandfather, the old lord to rest. That “testament” has touched many hearts near and far.

The scene that follows, Klaus, offers a parting glimpse of our festive Labor Day family reunion in the Northern Kingdom of New Hampshire, “God’s Country,” they say.

~

Considering the numbers and logistics, Grampy orchestrated a remarkable [Labor Day weekend] departure. Doling out missed kisses and slaps on the back to children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, alike, The Lord of Cat Bow positioned himself amid the island of roses in the middle of the driveway.

“Come on now; if you are going to go, go!”

Looking down on the proceedings from a grassy knoll beneath one of the apple trees in the orchard, I was struck by something in Grampy’s voice — an undertone that filled me



for a fleeting moment with a deep and inexplicable sadness.

I listened; my grandfather was saying two things. I looked at him. A tiredness accentuated the lines on his face, relieved for a moment by a searching smile that passed across Grampy's lips, as his offspring waved good-bye, before settling into their cars, into the trip.

Behind the smile, deep within, I glimpsed a tear. If you are going to go . . . . Bea, his first wife, dearly departed; Grandma Jane, his second overshadowed by Alzheimer's— led back into the Big House, down the long hall to her room, more unfamiliar with each passing day . . . . go!

August, Labor Day, September. The leaves of the old elm were turning, colors changing . . . . We were going. I looked at Grampy, surrounded by the fading circle of summer roses. Clouds touched the sky above Mt. Orne.

Only ten years old, I realized for the first time that my grandfather was struggling, struggling, amidst life's festivities, to remain true to something that, I sensed, was larger than, and yet no less a part of himself.

My thoughts went back earlier in the week, to a surprise visit Grampy made to us one evening after dinner at the cabin, before the rest of the clan arrived. This was not customary, as it was generally we offspring who presented ourselves at Cat Bow Farm. Mom and Dad hurried about to perk up the old abode, prevailing upon us to set aside our pursuits for a few moments and help.

When Grampy drove up, Nat, Bea, Brad, and I ran out to the field in our pajamas to greet him. An autumn chill touched the air. At first I was surprised that Grandma Jane wasn't with Grampy, but Grampy's warm smile and affectionate embrace dispelled all concerns. Taking our grandfather in hand, we led him down the path and into Mom's and Dad's arms at the door.

The sun was setting at the end of the lake, and the sky was ablaze with blues, light reds, paling yellows, and oranges. Stepping into the cabin, Grampy paused on the porch and looked out silently over the lake for a moment through our large picture windows, while Dad brought in the drinks and Mom shushed us off to bed.

As I settled under my covers, the unease I had felt in the apple orchard returned. I didn't know where it came from, but I sensed something different in Grampy's mood. For what seemed like long hours, I lay awake, the quiet conversation of the adults on the porch, filtering indistinctly into Nat's and my room, until a screen door quietly closed outside our window and steps returned up the path. With the picture of Grampy silhouetted in the evening sunset, I closed my eyes and drifted off to sleep — and to a dream that stirred within me.



Apple in hand, I arose, as Dad called us down to the car. The rest of the family had left. It was our turn to say our good-byes, before we returned to the cabin to gather up our belongings. As I started down the bank from the orchard, bits of the conversation earlier in the week returned to mind, “No one seems to know much about this disease, except for the fact that it is now taking Jane away from me, too.”

As we piled into the car, I turned and watched Dad give his father an affectionate kiss good-bye. Grampy put his hands on Dad’s shoulders a moment and gazed into his eyes, “Come back soon.” Dad nodded; they embraced, tenderly/gruffly, before Dad returned to the car. We waved to Grampy, amid the flush of roses, and followed the others out of the driveway.

~ ~ ~

***Thoughts are real. It’s the thought that counts.***

Gathering the strands of the thread, the foregoing comes down, in my experience, to a reckoning, both simple and significant. That is: Is it not the case that how we view our selves, and our fellow human beings — be it a dressed angel, a naked ape, or variations on the themes — is it not the case that such views, determinations determine how we end up treating one another?

*If, that is*, we think about what we are doing. If, that is, our actions are consequent, conscious. If, when all is said and done, they are *our* actions . . . . we are, indeed, their authors, witting or otherwise.

Be that as it is, I, myself, address you, Klaus, as a brother, son of that Blessed Mother, glimpsed in the following passages.

I address you, thereto, as the father of 4 (half) German children, as one who is not only familiar with your birth place, old friend, glancing down over that blessed lake/ “See,” but who, over the course of a year, devoted myself to addressing with colleagues the very concerns, WHAT, of which you speak. Above all, as noted with respect to the all too little considered WHY and HOW that would fulfill our labors. That is: both our motivation and means.

Such labors of mine came to pass on a blessed mount in Switzerland that gazes across the way, Klaus, to your World Economics Forum at Davos. Perchance our paths have crossed, this time around, if not in earlier ages.

Can it be that, as little as we can know what we’re meant, destined to be doing this day — apart from going through the motions, pursuing old and persistent habits — *if, that is, we don’t recall what we had done the last three days, have lost the thread, context, the vision . . . .* can you imagine that the same applies to our last three life-times, “times around”?

Our forbears spoke of “sleep as the little sister of death”/death as the older sister of sleep. That is, every night we pass away. Every morning we awaken to the new day. Might such a revelation be granted us not only at the end of our day, but of our days, themselves? Might this Creation in which we find ourselves be more embracing and all-encompassing than many imagine?

~ ~ ~

*“You ‘boat people’ know everything. The only thing that you do not know is that you live from that which you do not know.”*

The Supreme Medicine Man of the Wampanoag Nation,  
whose people welcomed the Pilgrim settlers to these shores.

Can it be, Klaus? Can it be that The Supreme Medicine Man, Slow Turtle, knew what he was talking about?

That is, as every man-made object — from the smallest, all but invisible micro-chip to looming skyscrapers, and all, ALL of *human* creation in between — can it be that, as every human-made object has a creator, the same applies to nature, the natural creation itself?

The Native Peoples of this land spoke, *in such respects*, of “The Great Spirit”. For those who have embraced, and hold fast to a more mechanistic “first cause”, the “Big Bang itself,” one can speak in such respects of the animated “Big Banger”.

The point being, Klaus: If we don’t know our own maker, the source of our existence, might it be that we don’t know anything in reality? We are not in our right and rightful minds.

Picking up this thread . . . reports from Oxfam International speak, graphically, Klaus, to the aspirations of your World Economic Forum, One World Government.

In January of 2017, Oxfam reported that the world's 8 (eight) richest people have amassed the same wealth as the poorest 50%: 3.6 billion (3,600,000,000) fellow human beings.

On January 16, 2023, Oxfam updated the report: “The richest 1% grabbed nearly two-thirds of all new wealth since 2020, almost twice as much money as the bottom 99% of the world’s population” — leaving millions impoverished, hanging on for dear life.

Those of such means, many, refer to their vast accumulations of wealth as the “killing” they’ve made. As Oxfam reports, the amassing of such wealth over the last decade in the

hands of that ever smaller number of “respectable scoundrels” represents a precipitous INCREASE in such “killings”.

Indeed, you yourself, Klaus, spoke, unabashedly, to the momentum noted.

*“Acute crisis contributes to boosting the power of the state [One World Government] . . . There is no reason it should be different with the COVID-19 pandemic.”*

Bottom-line, what those of such worldly means share in common is that they have A LOT to lose, millions, many a mis-fortune.

Billionaire Nick Hanouer speaks to such losses in his memo to his “fellow filthy rich,” entitled *The Pitchforks Are Coming*:

*“You show me a highly unequal society,” Nick writes, “and I will show you a police state. Or an uprising. There are no counter-examples. None. It’s not if, it’s when.”*

Trusting these words are clear, might the billionaires noted be counting on the former, the “police-state,” to hold out as long as possible? Thus the global “lock-down”? A prison term, aptly chosen.

Fear not only accompanies the likelihood of loss, but fear is frequently the fall-out of the inequities, the “killings” spoken of — **fear** along with **disdain** for the victims themselves, the “masses”.

The point being, along with having MUCH to lose, the “scoundrels” have MUCH to invest, together trillions, in order to do all they can to ensure that they do *not* lose. Toward that end, “the best defense is a good offense,” as the expression goes, a good offense toward the dumbing down, extermination of the masses.

So it is, if we can’t control ourselves, our very Selves, what do we do but seek to control others?

As noted, Klaus, you’ve spoken clearly and unabashedly to such reckonings.

*“By 2030 you’ll own nothing and be happy about it.”*

By “you’ll” can we assume that you are referring to the 99%? Not to you, yourself? *We, the People will own nothing and will be happy about it.*

Sound familiar?

Do you hear, Klaus, an undertone re-sounding through your words? Could those words not bespeak the matter-of-fact reckoning (from an earlier passage here on earth) of a noble, prince, perhaps even a king or queen?

I speak of someone for whom nothing could be more natural than serfs, servants, the masses sacrificing not only their hopes and dreams but their very lives — in order to sustain the privileged estates of the nobleman or -woman.

The “Divine Right of Kings” was the old mantra. Rights and *responsibilities* . . . that which gives our rights their ultimate right and meaning? To whom much is given, much, MUCH is expected?

My old Concordian friend and neighbor, Ralph Waldo Emerson, addressed such reckonings in words that invite us to pause and consider . . . that allow our best thoughts, wits themselves to catch up to us.

*“A man who steals another man’s labor [un-earned income?] steals away his own faculties. His integrity, his humanity is flowing away from him. The habit of oppression cuts out the moral eyes, and, although the intellect goes on simulating the moral as before, its sanity is gradually destroyed.”*

More simply expressed, do not such thefts bespeak the fact that our wits are not about us?

Thoreau’s words from his perennial best-seller, *Walden*, re-sound, Klaus, speaking, as noted, to the aspiring promise of this ever “New World”:

*. . . . That is the uncommon school we want. Instead of noblemen, let us have noble village of men.”* [and women].

Henry David is speaking to a “New World” nobility that, I can appreciate, is a far cry from the way the nobles of old ordained their existence — at the sorry expense of humankind.

These were considerations, Klaus, that I took up with my beloved father.

That is, just as a nobleman or -woman would carry over such tyrannical traits, vestiges, such sorry inclinations from one day to the next (unless they had a veritable epiphany of sorts, came to their senses), should we be surprised that such an individual would carry the traits, vestiges, and inclinations spoken of from one life-time into the next? Old and ailing habits, in Gandhi’s words, summed up in “The 7 Deadly Social Sins”:

*Politics without principle* — Driven by principal, the “Almighty Buck”.

*Wealth without work* — Unearned income, earned by others who do the heavy lifting, though the fruits inevitably end up in the pockets of the 1%.

*Commerce without morality* — The survival of the fittest,” whatever it takes to make the “killing”.

*Pleasure without conscience* — Hedonism.

*Education without character* — For every 3 steps we take in the development of knowledge, we are called to take one in the development of our character.

*Science without humanity* — Science must become con-science, conscience if we are to create together a future worth envisioning.

*Worship without sacrifice* —

I bear my sorrows into the setting sun.  
I lay all my worries into its shining lap.  
Purified in light, transformed in love.  
They (my sorrows and worries) will return (in the morning)  
As helping thoughts, as strength for deeds,  
Rejoicing in sacrifice.

Common/uncommon sense?

In such respects, I asked my Father, a long-awaited question. “If, Pa, you didn’t know what you were doing over the last three “days”/lifetimes . . . would you know what you are meant to be doing now, as we speak? A practical, straightforward, down-to-earth soul, my Father’s response re-sounds on:

“NO.”

Can it be, Klaus, that we, many, *are* simply “going through the motions,” “hanging out,” “getting that old job,” good or otherwise . . . Can it be that, wittingly or otherwise, we’ve forsaken our true “calling”?

Words of Citizen Tom Paine — whose pamphlet, “Common Sense,” kindled our American Revolution — sums up, I suggest, the problem-*challenge-opportunity* that faces us. If we not it?

*"Though I would carefully avoid giving unnecessary offense, yet I am inclined to believe that all those who espouse the doctrine of reconciliation [with Britain of the day, the established “powers that be”] may be included within the following descriptions: **Interested men**, who are not to be trusted; **weak men** who cannot see; **prejudiced men** who will not see, and a certain set of **moderate men**, who think better of the European world than it deserves; and this last class, by an ill-judged deliberation, will be the cause of more calamities to this continent than all the three others."*

Imagine . . . Can we? Will we? While we still can?

~ ~ ~

Carrying on, Klaus, with your fearsome machinations, the “Smart” Big Data technologies are, you note, “harnessing and selling information about every aspect of our personal lives.”

A surprise . . . that such sorry fruits of such an *artificial* intelligence are burgeoning, as we speak?

To be clear, can we assume that your reference to “our personal lives” refers to the 99%, addressed earlier, the masses”? While — do I understand correctly? — no information, whatsoever, is available, Klaus, with respect to *your* own life, the lives and labors of the ruling elite? We are to know next to nothing about those who are surveilling, tracking and manipulating us for their corporate gain, “killings”?

We, the People “have to” merely accept such alleged “progress” from our servants, public and civil servants, and those behind the scenes? If we question your edicts/dictates, if we seek to preserve our privacy, our fundamental liberties, we can count on the elite seeing that our sovereignty is further undermined? So it is, business as usual in our modern day and age.

Trusting the foregoing is clear, the question arises: Where, Klaus, do you envision such machinations to be leading us? What is the moral of the story, this sorry tale? A further melody resounds:

*How many roads must a man walk down  
Before you call him a man?  
How many seas must a white dove sail  
Before she sleeps in the sand?  
Yes, and how many times must the cannon balls fly  
Before they're forever banned?*

**The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind  
The answer is blowin' in the wind.**

*Yes, and how many years must a mountain exist  
Before it is washed to the sea?  
And how many years can some people exist  
Before they're allowed to be free?  
Yes, and how many times can a man turn his head [brother Klaus]  
And pretend that he just doesn't see?*

**The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind  
The answer is blowin' in the wind.**

*Yes, and how many times must a man look up  
Before he can truly see the sky?  
And how many ears must one man have  
Before he can hear people cry?  
Yes, and how many deaths will it take 'til he knows  
That too many people have died?*

**The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind  
The answer is blowin' in the wind.**

The wind, Klaus, do you know Who blows in the breezes, is borne of the wind . . . ?

~ ~ ~

*“In an altered age we worship the dead forms of our forefathers. The world holds onto a formal Christianity, and nobody dares to talk about the heart of Christianity for fear of shocking.”*

Ralph Waldo Emerson

This *Prayer for Our Lands* can not be rightly understood, Klaus, without an understanding — if not appreciation — for its inspiration. Such beneficence is invoked in the following words:

*“Hail Mary, Full of Grace, The Lord is With Thee.  
Blessed Art Thou among Women . . . .”*

“The 4th revolution is not coming like the waves in the ocean, small waves,” you stated, Klaus, all-knowingly. **“It’s coming like a tsunami!”**

Your revolution, tsunami aside, would you be surprised to discover that an even MIGHTIER and more MAGNIFICENT wave is poised, old friend? I commend to you the following revelation that bespeaks the heart and soul of this *Prayer for Our Lands*.

~

### **February, 1986, The Month and Year of the Lord and Our Lady**

“The masses of people in the streets continued to pray the Rosary endlessly. Some offered garlands of flowers to the soldiers who stood guard. Some brave nuns climbed



up on the tanks that were approaching. Those who stayed in their homes sent supplies of food and drink.”

The powers that [would] be — intent on retaining their control of the government, despite the clear elections results, the will of the people — had sent a “full army,” with tanks and armored vehicles, to quell the rising demonstrations, the mounting wave of humanity. Whatever it would take the leader ordered, including massacring the thronging crowds that filled the streets.

“As the soldiers tried to advance,” Klaus, “they saw in the sky what appeared to be a cross-like figure . . . but this did not hinder them from proceeding. The soldiers continued to press on toward the crowd.”

The Rosary was recited continuously; the melody of *Ave Maria* sounded after each decade [10 recitations]. And then . . .

“All of a sudden, the soldiers stopped dead in their tracks, awestruck. A magnificent woman encased in immense bright light and dressed as a nun became clearly visible, standing in front of the tanks.”

“The light was dazzling as the crowds beheld her. According to the soldiers, the beautiful woman dressed in blue with heavenly eyes appeared in front of them, extended her arms outward and spoke in a voice that was clearly audible to everyone:

***‘Dear soldiers, stop! Do not proceed. Do not harm my children. I am the queen of this land.’***”

The soldiers dropped their weapons, ceased pressing forward and . . . “joined the throngs of people to turn and fight with *them*” — against Marcos’ Philippines regime.

So it was, Klaus. So it is, with regard, as noted, to the *Real*, real world, the world of miracles, grace, Amazing/Saving Grace.

“The soldiers claimed that the woman who appeared to them was the Virgin Mary. A television station was covering the event, which prompted thousands of residents of the Philippines to run out of their homes in celebration: *‘Mother Mary is with us!’*”

Cardinal Jaime Sin vouchsafed the truth of the apparition:

“Yes, my heart was telling me that this was indeed Mary. And since the soldiers obeyed this woman who appeared to them — and did not follow orders to fire upon the people — President Marcos found himself without power or support.”

**The worldly powers bowed down, Klaus, to the Heavenly Power.**



The Cardinal continued, “This is when Marcos fled from the Philippines. That was the end of him.” The Cardinal paused, reflected — before adding, deeply moved: “I did not know the soldiers, but they came to me in tears, awestruck by the ‘beautiful heavenly lady’.”

That love, brother, I can vouch for. For, it has been granted me these last months, baptized by the veil of tears of which the Cardinal, our “Blessed Mother,” herself, speaks — to our heart of hearts.

The Cardinal further revealed that he met with Sister Lucia, the only living visionary from Fatima, just before he departed for a press conference in United States to tell of the Virgin’s appearance in Manilla. Although the Sister, St. Lucia had no access to newspapers, radio, television, or magazines, the Cardinal was amazed that she knew and recounted to him every detail of what had happened.

~

This Open Letter / Prayer is inspired, Klaus, by one — an intercessor — near and dear to many a heart: that Mother, who was first glimpsed in an annunciation: “*Hail Mary, Full of Grace . . .*” and later envisioned in the opening passage of the Book of Revelations that was granted to a beloved disciple named John on the island of Patmos in Greece.

*“Travailing in birth, and pained to be delivered” . . .* the Mother was the original tabernacle in whose womb/sanctuary the “host,” itself, did abide, was housed, preserved, safe-guarded and sanctified.

The Blessed Mother has accompanied us, humankind, on down through the ages: Patmos, Zaragoza, Guadalupe, Lourdes, Fatima, Beauraing . . . accompanied us in ways, apparitions — above all to children, the innocents — that even the greatest of skeptics, men and women not only of science but of the Church, itself, have proven powerless to refute.

Ever, she appears, at our side, holding/ beholding us within her loving gaze, her eternal embrace. Indeed, Klaus, should we expect otherwise of a mother, a True Mother? Quietly her words re-sound:

*“Dear Children, if you only knew how much I love you,  
every one of you, you would cry with joy.”*

Cry with joy. If only we knew . . . such LOVE in these otherwise troubled and benighted times.

Can it be, Klaus?

Can it be that such blessed love not only exists but abounds?

Can it be that there is more to life than meets the eye, our dimmed visions, outer distracted gazes, including the *invisible* reaches — infrared/ultraviolet — of our color spectrum, itself?

Author Christopher Bamford writes:

*“Mary is the great mystery of the Christian tradition. Nothing would have happened without her assent to God’s desire that she conceive and bring forth a son — to be called Jesus, who would bear the Christ. Without her astonishing “Behold the handmaiden of the Lord, be it unto me according to thy word,” there would have been no Incarnation, no “Word made flesh,” no death and resurrection, no ascension.*

*Yet the Gospels mention her rarely. It is as if she lived in effacement. Some has suggested the very reticence of the Scriptures speaks to her greatness and spiritual depth — that she is “a secret revelation.*

*Certainly, whenever she appears her presence is fraught with consequence.*

*She is intimately linked to Jesus as mother, friend, and disciple. She participated in his ministry and his miracles.*

*She stood at the foot of the cross, where Christ gave her to be the mother of us all when he said to John, the Beloved Disciple, ‘Behold your mother,’ and to Mary, ‘Behold your son.’*

*She was indispensable to the descent of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost. It is difficult not to conclude that she is close to the inner core of Christ’s mission, as well as His teaching and ministry.”*

So it is, Mother Mary is revered not only in the Catholic church, but within the Protestant faith. As Luther himself noted: *“The veneration of Mary is inscribed in the very depths of the human heart” . . . .* and beyond Christianity itself. Among our Jewish brethren and sistern, *“Miriam”* is no less revered.

As she is within the Islamic faith, the Quran, *“She who confirms the truth”* is invoked. *“O Mary! God has chosen you and purified you – chosen you above all women of all nations of the world.”*

This delicate and vital thread was picked up by Augustine, a notorious sinner, who experienced a profound conversion, sainthood itself. The church father spoke of Mary as a new Eve. *“By the fall,”* Augustine said, *“a poison was handed to mankind through a woman [so we are told, a wo-man], and by the redemption, man was given salvation also through a woman.”*

Pope John Paul II carried the consideration on with his words about the Blessed Mother’s role in salvation, *“Mary, the first of the redeemed,”* he said, *“who shines before*

*us like a lamp, that guides the way of all humanity, reminding us of the last end, to which the person is called: sanctity and eternal life.”*

The point being, for our consideration, Klaus, that Mary is sent among us — as we speak — by her Son and our Father, whom she serves with the deepest depths of devotion.

~ ~ ~

An “intercessor.” Good God, what is an intercessor? What does the term mean?

In the words of old man Webster, an intercessor is:

*“A mediator; one who interposes between parties at variance, with a view to reconcile them; one who pleads on behalf of another.”*

And, herewith, we come to the heart of the matter, the “rub,” for some, who are less admiring of such a mother. That is, some Christians are not entirely sure what to do with Mother Mary. If anything?

Aren’t we supposed to be worshipping, praying to *God*, or his *Son*, Jesus-Christ / Christ-Jesus? Not to the mother (Holy Spirit?). Heaven forbid / bid . . . How did she get into the picture, confusing such matters.

Our Lady’s own response, as reported by the young visionaries, was and remains simple, most simple, and to the point:

Mother Mary, herself, does not heal people. Only God can heal. But, she acknowledged, she does intercede for us. She prays with us — and for us — if we ask her to. In order that *God’s* will be done. “Let it be,” was the inspiration granted a Beetle, Paul McCartney.

In, Klaus, beholding Mother Mary’s appearances, apparitions in Medjugorje one astonished doctor reported finding not a hint of “deceit” or “hallucination” in the six children, visionaries — “otherwise completely normal, relaxed, well-integrated and happy” — and went on to note:

*“No scientific discipline seems able to describe these phenomena . . . .”*

The doctor’s words called to mind those of one of the great physicists of the 20th century, the Austrian Noble Prize Winner, Erwin Schrodinger:

*“We must be prepared to find a new kind of physical law. Or are we to term it non-physical, not to say a super-physical law? . . . Are we prepared to find that the ultimate science of healing is one with the ultimate art of living — living out from the divine Spirit or infinite Love we call God?”*

Might it be, Klaus: common/uncommon sense . . . ?

Might it be that such a revelation is given *not* to the grave and constricting laws of gravity, but to the liberating, illumined and uplifting laws of levity, itself?

Can it be that Newton missed the point? Might the question that lingers, that lies poised on humankind's lips, as we speak, be another one? *Not* how the old apple fell out of the tree, but how that foreboding fruit got up in the tree in the first place?

Indeed, have we yet to comprehend, not to mention explain, the effortless exertions of a sunbeam that is able to call forth the slumbering seed from the womb of the earth itself and elevate it into an aspiring plant, tree, an entire garden, crop-filled fields, forests . . . jungles?

Have we yet to explain such a power in terms that are not merely reductionistic, mechanistic, inanimate/deathly . . . that, on their own, are forlorn, that all too often debase our visions?

The examining doctor went on: *The children were virtually impervious to loud noises blasted in their ears and to bright lights shined into their eyes. We would be quite willing to define them as a state of active intense prayer, partially disconnected from the outside world, a state of contemplation with a separate person, who they [the six young children] alone can see, hear, and touch.*"

Without going in painstaking detail, not even "The Medieval Test for Ecstasy" phased one of the visionaries: "the plunging of a long needle into her shoulder," not once but twice — only to find that the blood stains the young visionary later discovered on her blouse came as a surprise.

Scientists categorized the visions as "a state of ecstasy;" the young visionaries called it "being in heaven." In Mirjana's words: "When I was with Our Lady, I was not me. I felt like a different person in another place and time."

*"Thy kingdom comes, Thy will be done, on earth as it is . . ."*

Such a blessed force, intercessor, our Mother appears to be.

In writing of such devotions, Klaus, such trials and tribulations, one of the young visionaries, Mirjana, noted:

*"You should know that I've been tested by doctors and scientist from all over the world, and they all agree on one thing: I am perfectly normal. I even have that in writing.*

*So, before you question, my mental health, with a smile on my face, I simply ask: Do you have an official document validating your sanity?"*

A reasonable question, brother?

Indeed, that was the very conclusion of one of the first doctors who evaluated the children, the head of the neuropsychiatric department, herself, upon finding them perfectly normal: *“Whoever brought them [the children] here are the ones who should be declared insane.”*

Might it be?

In the next few years, Mirjana would come to be seen by more doctors than most people saw in their entire life-time. The majority of the doctors expected to find drugs, epilepsy, mental illness, deception or the like. What left the doctors baffled was the children’s *normalcy*.

Such, Klaus, is the genius, innocence of the child. Little wonder that, over the ages, the Blessed Mother has appeared to our children, in order, out of the mouth of such “babes,” to convey her providential message to the world.

So it is. Her appearances have served to remind those with ears to hear, hearts to hearken, of the grace that abounds.

~ ~ ~

The apparitions began, Klaus, on a solstice eve in 1981, St. John’s Day itself, June 24th — borne on the mounting mid-summer tide . . . .

As with Fatima, Lourdes and previous apparitions, Mother May appeared once again in a small, obscure village, this time in the former Yugoslavia. Not only had few heard of Medjugorje at the time, but since then it has become a household name and place of pilgrimage for millions around the world.

Mother Mary’s appearance was borne on the painstaking prayers, appeal for intercession, of a most devout Pope, in recovery from an assassination attempt that was thwarted by an earthly intercessor. “It was a mother’s hand,” Pope John Paul II confessed, “that guided the bullet’s path”.

John Paul II had taken up the mantle from his predecessor, John Paul I, who, three years earlier, after only 33 days as Pope had offered up his own last full measure of devotion on Michaelmas, 1978.

Mirjana Soldo, one of the young visionaries, recounted the appearances, apparitions that betook her and her young friend, Ivanka, during a summer walk on the outskirts of their village, Medjugorje.

“Tired, we sat down in a shady spot below the hill at 5 or 6 PM. In the middle of our conversation, Ivanka, suddenly blurted, I think I see Our Lady on the hill!”

She was gazing up at Podbrdo, but I thought she was kidding, so I did not look. “Yeah, sure it’s Our Lady! “I said. “She came to see what the two of us are up to because she has nothing better to do.”

“But, as Ivanka continued to tell me what she saw, I got upset at her. Our parents had taught us to respect faith and never take God’s name in vain, so, when I thought Ivanka was joking about the blessed mother, I felt uncomfortable and afraid.”

“I’m leaving, I said, and I headed home. But, when I reached the village, a powerful sensation seized my heart. Something was calling me back – a feeling so strong that it forced me to stop and turn around.”

That very feeling, sensation, Mirjana would later recall, had driven her two months before into prayerful seclusion in her home in Sarajevo.

Mirjana’s mother was well aware of her daughter’s sensitivity, when she began hiding away during the spring of 1981. But, that sensitivity still worried her, as did young Mirjana’s insistence on spending the entire summer [with their relatives] in Medjugorje. The pull to the little village was a most compelling one.

“Do you have some kind of prayer book I can read?” Mirjana asked her mother one night.

“A prayer book . . . Why?”

“I don’t know. I really feel like I should pray.”

Mirjana’s mother hesitated, before stepping into her bedroom. Minutes later she came back with her and Mirjana’s father’s marital prayer book.

Deeply touched, the young girl retreated to her bedroom and poured through the book. “I felt like she had given me a priceless treasure,” Mirjana exclaimed. “With each prayer that I recited, my heart swelled with joy.”

On the other side of the apartment, Mirjana’s mother lay in bed, overcome with anxiety. To her, Mirjana’s unexpected behavior seemed like an omen. She wept all night, convinced that something was going to happen to Mirjana. And she was right. Something did.

Driven back to the shady spot, where the two girls had paused on their walk, Mirjana found Ivanka in the same place, gazing at the hill . . . “I’d never seen her so excited, and chills went through my body when she turned to look at me. Her normally-tanned skin looked as pale as milk and her eyes were radiant.”

*“Look now, please!”* Ivanka begged.

Mirjana turned and looked up at the hill. “When I saw the figure, my heart whirled with fear and wonder, but my brain struggled to process it. No one ever climbed that hill, but what I saw was unmistakable. There, among the rocks and brambles, was a young woman.”

*I am coming among you because I desire to be your mother  
– your intercessor.”*

“Am I dead or alive? That is what I asked myself when I first gazed upon the beautiful woman on the hill. My heart was in such turmoil that I could hardly identify one emotion before another took over. Pinch yourself, I thought. You must be dreaming!”

“In those frantic first moments, I did not dare approach the woman. At a distance of @ 100 meters, the woman’s face was difficult to discern, but I could see that she wore a bluish gray dress, and had something in her arms. I soon realize that that something in her arms was an infant.”

“A mother would never climb such a hill with a baby in her arms, I thought.”

“I was too fixated on the woman to pay attention to what else was happening, but I vaguely recall some other local children gathering around us.

A boy named Ivan came by caring apples, and when he saw what we saw, he dropped them all and ran away. And when Vicka came to find us; she was so terrified that she kicked off her slippers and fled. Ivanka and I looked at each other after Vicka ran away. Without saying a word, we bolted down the road.

I burst into my uncle’s house and screamed,” I think I saw our lady!”

~ ~ ~

*“My children, do not be afraid to open your hearts to me. With motherly love,  
I will show you what I expect of each of you . . . . Set out with me “*

Our Lady, March 18, 2011

Mirjana goes on: “I cannot say that I woke on the morning of June 25, 1981, because I don’t think I ever fell asleep the night before, given my state of mind. Regardless, I left early to pick tobacco with my cousins as if it were any other day in Medjugorje.”



“Vesna and Milena reminded me about our plans to visit our aunt’s house that evening, adding that Marco would be there. I nodded, but I only wanted to think about the woman on the hill.”

“As I worked in the fields, I did not see any of the others – the ones who, like me, would later be known as “the visionaries. “Lost in the monotony of picking string tobacco, I replayed the events from the previous afternoon in my mind. Had I truly seen what I thought I saw?”

“As it got closer to the time of the previous day’s vision, a strange feeling began to consume me. Something within was calling me back to the hill. It soon became too strong to ignore.”

“ ‘Uncle Simun,’ I said, “I feel like I need to go back to the Hill. May I?”

“My uncle looked at me and pondered for a moment. ‘Okay,’ he finally said, ‘but your aunt and I will go with you. We want to see what’s going on’.”

"We left right away. When we reached the base of Podbrdo, it seemed like half the village was already there. News always spread quickly in Bijakovici.

When I found Ivanka, Vicka and Ivan in the crowd three flashes of white light drew our eyes to the hill. We were all amazed to see the same figure we had seen the day before. This time she was a little further up the hillside.”

“Two other children, who had not been with us the previous day – 16 year old Marija and 10 year old Jakov, one of my cousins – joined us, and together we all ran up towards the lady.”

“The onlookers below were baffled as they watched us scale the steep slope at an impossible speed, seemingly coasting over boulders and thorn bushes. Some people tried to run after us, but they could not keep pace. I was a city girl, and not particularly athletic, but it felt effortless. It was as if I simply glided – or like something carried me – to the place where the woman was standing.”

“ ‘It takes at least 12 minutes to get up there,’ my uncle later, said, “and yet the children did it in two. Seeing that terrified me’.”

“The first time I gazed upon the woman up close, I realize she was not of this world. Immediately – and involuntarily – we fell to our knees. Not sure what to say or do, we began to pray the *Our Father*, *Hail Mary*, and *Glory Be*. To our astonishment, the woman prayed along with us, but she remained silent during the *Hail Mary*.” (The tribute to her).

“A beautiful blueness encompassed the woman. Her skin was imbued with an olive–hued radiance, and her eyes reminded me of the translucent blue of the Adriatic Sea. A



white veil, concealed most of her long, black hair, except for a curl visible near her forehead and locks hanging down below the veil.”

“She wore a long dress that fell past her feet. Everything I saw seemed supernatural, from the unearthly blue-gray glow of her dress to the breathtaking intensity of her gaze. Her very presence brought with it a feeling of peace and maternal love, but I also felt intense fear because I did not understand what was happening.

“‘My children be not afraid’. With a resonant, melodic tone that no human could ever replicate, her voice was like music.”

“Ivanka found the courage to pose a question, one that had obviously been burning within her. ‘How is my mother?’ She asked. Our Lady looked at Ivanka with tenderness. ‘She is with me’.”

“One of the others asked Our Lady if she would come again the next day, and she gently nodded in affirmation. Overall, though, little was said, in our first meeting. It seemed that the intent was for everyone to get comfortable with what would become a regular occurrence.”

~ ~ ~

In the first meetings others questions that moved in the children’s hearts found voice:

*“Why are you coming to us? We are no better than others,”* one of the young visionaries asked/stated.

*“Because I need you just the way you are.”*

Captivated by Our Lady’s ethereal beauty, one of the boys asked a question that stirred in all their hearts: *“How is it possible that you are so beautiful?”*

Our Lady gently smiled. *“I am beautiful, because I love,”* she said. *If you want to be beautiful, then love.”*

So it was, Mother Mary made it crystal clear why — in response to Pope John Paul II’s heartfelt petition — she was visiting Medjugorje, a village of deep and pious faith. In her own words:

*“You, dear children, are not able to understand how great the value of prayer is as long as you yourselves do not say: ‘now is the time for prayer, now nothing else is important to me, now not one person is important to me but God.’*

*“Let prayer, dear children, be your everyday food.”*

*“In prayer you shall find the way out of every situation that otherwise appears to have no exit.”*

Of central importance was a refrain that would be repeated over and again:

*“Never speak of others as non-believers. For that is a judgement. Our Lady never judges. Instead she speaks of ‘those who have not yet felt the love of God. That can only come through our prayer and our own example, love. Pray for them first. For when we pray for them, we pray also for ourselves, for our own future.’”*

*“Our Lady does not ask that we preach but that we talk of our own life, so that unbelievers can experience God’s love within us.”*

So it was. The matter of disbelief went deeper, much deeper for a True Mother. Mirjana would go on to say

*“Our Lady showed me something during the apparition, which I cannot speak about, but what shook me the most was the intense sadness on her face.”*

*“It hurts her most when she sees that we haven’t even tried to change, when our hearts remain hard and indifferent, when we’ve chosen the path of ruin rather than salvation. She has so much love and patience, and she does so much for us, but we are often deaf to her call and reluctant to take even the slightest step forward.”*

~ ~ ~

Glancing back over the early days, Mirjana filled in the picture:

*I’ve experienced visions of the Virgin Mary for more than 35 years. I cannot say it more directly than that.*

*I appreciate that it might be difficult to imagine such a thing happening in modern times. Even to some believers, miracles are things of the past. But I doubt that anyone was more shocked than I was when it all began.*

*I did not even know such things could take place, especially in Medjugorje, a small village, in former, Yugoslavia . . . .*

*[That said] I did not write this to persuade you to believe me. I am just a messenger, and I wish to share my story with the hope that it might bring some comfort to a world in which peace is becoming increasingly scarce.*

*Saying that my life changed on the afternoon of June 24, 1981 hardly conveys the gravity of what transpired.*

*Until that day, I lived under the heavy hand of communism and stomached the many aggravations that went along with it, but the worst suffering began after I and five other children experienced something extraordinary.*

*What we saw radically changed us, our families, and millions of people around the world, but it also provoked the wrath of the Yugoslav regime. Fearing that my testimony was a threat to their rule, the communists declared me an enemy of the state when I was just 16 years old.*

*Perhaps their fears were warranted, because I had come to know something far greater than the communist government – far greater, in fact than anything on earth.*

*I had come to know God's love.*

Mirjana, her five fellow “visionaries” and, through their testimonies, their priests, parish and, as noted, millions of fellow citizens around the world.

We will take up this vital and blessed thread, Klaus, following a more personal reflection that would grant this offering ever deepening human measure.

~ ~ ~

### **Amazing Grace**

Words of my own dear (biological) Mother quietly resound, a victim of the Pandemic, who is no longer with us. In the midst of my efforts over the years to address such trials kindred and tribulations, my mother was moved (not infrequently), to ask me: “*What are you doing, Stuart?*”

My response was ever the same: “Ma, If you want to understand what I am doing, you need to understand that I don’t take on anything that isn’t impossible to begin with . . . . That way I can’t fail. *As long as I give it my best.* And I also can’t take any credit — since, as noted, such a labor was impossible to begin with.

That is, Klaus, what life has taught me is that we are borne of grace, Amazing Grace “that saved a wretch like me.” Like us all, can one say, mortals mere . . . ?

So it is. Err we *will*. That is certain; that goes without saying. What does *not* go so readily without saying is the fact that we can *also* make good, redeem our errors. If we will, will to do so. Grace is, as noted, ever at hand, in attendance.

Words of our Mother of mothers (as suggested) come to heart and mind:

*“Without love, dear children, you can do nothing. Love is the ‘motor’ [driving force] of everything. Without love we are not truly alive.”*

Can you hear these words, old friend?

Can you envision the *Real* “real world” of which I would speak?

If you’re following me, I was granted a most memorable experience of that world: Amazing/Saving Grace at the outset of the pandemic — on the very day, that is, that I lost my beloved son, the “Little Deer”.

*“Don’t worry. It’s okay. I’m not going to abandon you. We’re in this together.*

***It’s all about redemption.”***

Those were the words, Klaus, that — unwittingly, in the midst of the throes, loss, the despair that sought to descend upon and overwhelm me — those were the words that I found myself OFFERING UP in that heart-rending moment.

*“Don’t worry. It’s okay . . . .”*

To be clear, these words were *not* addressed to my son of whom I spoke.

As such they not only dispelled the despair, *itself*, that sought to come over/over-come me, but they brought to mind the admonition that I was granted on the 4th of July, Independence Day itself, 10 years earlier:

*“If, Stuart, you want to accomplish your work here on earth, fulfill your ‘calling,’ you must understand the ‘other side,’ your alleged opponents, better than they understand themselves. In order to do that (it was further confided to me, Klaus) you, Stuart, have to practice ever greater compassion, com-*passion*. You have to suffer-with the other.”*

Taking up the thread, the bridge of which I speak — from 9/11 to today, the mounting drama of “The Global Plan-demic” — that bridge was built through a question posed by one who has reflected long on *that* decisive September day at the turn of the millennium.

I speak of that subsequent “day of infamy,” when a World Trade Center itself was brought to its knees in what the Chair of the 9/11 Commission called “a national scandal”. *Not an international scandal, Bin Laden and company*. Rather, the infamy appears to have been home-made. Be that as it is — truth be told — the question spoken of was/is:

*If the worldly ‘powers that [would] be’ were audacious enough to have pulled off such a coup in broad day-light in the middle of Manhattan itself, considered by many to be*

*the epicenter of civilization . . . what would such ‘powers’ not be prepared to try to pull off today?*

Is the question clear, Klaus?

As noted, I speak NOT of mere “conspiracies.” Rather, I speak, of that old and ailing “business as usual.”

“Killings” are to be made, as the expression goes, in such circles, whatever the cost may be.

**“Forgive them, Lord. They know *not* what they do.”**

~ ~ ~

Picking up our thread, Klaus, during a memorable service in Medjugorje, Father Jozo spoke to the miracle that unfolded before their astonished gazes:

“Looking at the license plates of your cars, I could see that you’ve come from many different places. Many of you are coming to me and asking me what exactly is happening here.”

“Yesterday and today many journalist arrived, and they all asked how it was possible that our post office and telephone lines were burnt a week prior to these events, and yet despite that the whole country, and even Europe found out about Medjugorje in less than one day.”

“Even if we had put some large notice in the sky, we couldn’t have attracted so many people here. But when the Lord works, he doesn’t need advertising.” The TSUNAMI of tsunami(s), Klaus?

“Without any noise or commotion, our God uses a simple human being – not mighty people, but little ones – for ‘he cast the mighty from their thrones and raises the lowly.’ He uses a simple person, one who has faith and trust, and, through that servant, he can proclaim his most profound and greatest mysteries. Mary was one such humble servant of the Lord.”

So it was, old friend.

As with her appearance in Manilla, the signs that *Our Lady* has left behind over the ages speak for themselves, are to be witnessed to this day by those of open heart and mind: the image on Juan Diego’s cloak in Guadalupe of Our Lady with a crown of twelve stars; the miraculous spring that began to flow in Lourdes . . . (a reported 32,000 gallons a day, as we speak); the miracle of the dancing sun in Fatima (witnessed by 70,000

people); and in Medjugorje the luminous letters, heavenly script that spelled MIR, not just peace in the language of the land but the first three letters of the name for Mary in Hebrew, Mir-iam.

The miracles continued — for those who’ve befriended the words of the beloved Dutch doctor, Leen Mees: “*Don’t say no! Just say OH?*” Such “happenings” appear, as noted, to be the way of the *Real* “real world”. To wit/witness:

^ The attempted assassination of Pope John Paul II occurred on May 13, 1981, the Feast of Our Lady of Fatima, recalling when the three children were granted a vision of Mother Mary.

^ While convalescing, Pope John Paul II turned to the seeming coincidence/ synchronicity and was inspired to fulfill Our Lady’s request to consecrate Russia to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, calling on Mother Mary to make her loving, devoted presence felt in our embattled worldly affairs.

^ But a few weeks later, the apparitions, visions of Our Lady began in Medjugorje, Yugoslavia, where (in Sarajevo) the outbreak of World War I occurred.

^ The Pope completed the Russian consecration on March 25, 1984, despite the militant Soviet Union, which, following the consecration, proceeded to suffer a series of military disasters. The worst of which took place on May 13, the Feast of Our Lady of Fatima.

^ The first Christian Mass, since Russia’s Communist Revolution, was held in Moscow’s Cathedral of the Intercession of the Most Holy Virgin on the Anniversary of Fatima’s Miracle of the Sun. A year later, the Soviet Union was dissolved.

^ On the same day that Mirjana experienced her annual apparition, March 18, 1990, communist East Germany held its first, and only, free election in history. A party called the Christian Democratic union took power and immediately sought reunification with West Germany.

^ One of the most astounding miracles (at first glance) had to do with what were referred to as the “10 Secrets,” which portended the future. Mirjana writes of the apparition:

“She then held out something like a rolled-up scroll, explaining that the 10 secrets were written on it . . . .” [At the conclusion of the apparition, Mirjana noted,] “I realized that I was still holding the scroll that Our Lady had given me. Having always seen her as a physical being, it seemed natural at that time to take the object from her hand, just as I would from anyone.”

“But now that the apparition was over, I was awestruck to see the scroll still with me. Beige in color, the scroll was made of a material akin to parchment – not quite paper,

and not quite fabric, but something in between. I carefully unrolled the scroll and found all 10 secrets written in the simple and elegant cursive handwriting.”

How did that happen, Mirjana wondered. How was she holding in her mortal hand an object from heaven itself? Like so many occurrences over the previous 18 months, Mirjana could only explain it as “a mystery of God”.

How, indeed, does one explain such a revelation, happening, such a “materialization”? Building on Nobel Laureate, Schrodinger’s words about super-physical laws, might the process be akin to that of vapor or water congealing, condensing, becoming ice? Matter is but materialized spirit? *Truth be told.*

The miracles, grace continued:

^ During the war Medjugorje was surrounded by death and destruction. And yet, in Mirjana’s words, it seemed that their faith-filled village was protected. Missiles and mortar shells were launched into Medjugorje, but they only landed in the fields. According to a Serbian newspaper, Yugoslav war planes, sent to destroy Medjugorje, could not drop their bombs because “a strange silver fog developed over their target.”

Mirjana’s words brought to mind, Klaus, those of Paul in the Acts (5:38): *“For if this endeavor is of human origin, it will destroy itself. But if it comes from God, you will not be able to destroy them; you may even find yourself fighting against God.”*

“Despite the terrible things happening in our country,” Mirjana noted, “it seemed that Our Lady was always working behind the scenes to help the victims of the war.”

^ One day Father Slavko came over more excited than I’ve ever seen him. “I was climbing the hill,” he said, out of breath, “to pray for guidance about our desire to help the war-torn orphans, when I got our answer. Out of nowhere, a man from abroad came upon me,” Father Slavko said. The seeming stranger asked, “Are you building anything at the moment? . . . . I want to help.”

The man, it’s so happened, was quite wealthy, and he had been deeply moved by the suffering he saw in the region. “Why don’t you build something for the needs of the people?” The man said. “I’ll help fund the project.”

^ “On August 25, 1981,” Mirjana noted, “Our Lady responded to our constant requests for a sign, perhaps to help reassure the people of Medjugorje and calm their fears. Vicka and I were at Ivan’s house when we heard a commotion outside. We ran out to find people standing in the streets and staring at Krizevac. Some of them pointed. Others dropped to their knees.”

“Turning to look at the mountain, I saw a figure of Our Lady in the place where the 8.5-meter-tall cross usually was. She looked different from how we normally saw her – more like a statue than a real person. The figure slowly faded away, and the cross reappeared.”



“No one could ignore what was happening in Medjugorje,” Mirjana stated, “It was as if we lived in biblical times”.

^ With respect to such times, Father Jozo, a steadfast supporter of Mirjana and her fellow visionaries, was imprisoned for his convictions. Despite the hardships, the good father later confessed that he was happy and at peace in prison, for he was granted the opportunity to lead troubled men to Jesus. Troubled men and, it turned out, troubled guards as well.

Before long, a number of the guards became frightened of him, claiming that they saw strange lights in his cell at night. Echoes of the original disciples trials and tribulations re-sounded: “Many a morning, the guards found the prisoner’s cell door inexplicably unlocked.” Father Jozo later revealed that Our Lady had appeared to him in prison, although he never expanded on the encounters. Those had been private meetings, which gave him great comfort.

The drama unfolded, trials and tribulations that pressed Mirjana to all but her limit. “I felt like it would be better for everybody if I just disappeared. I was tired of being the source of problems for people. It got so bad that when I walked down the sidewalk people who knew me would go to the other side of the street, so they would not have to greet me. They were afraid that the police would harass them as well. I got used to being alone.”

^ “One person who never avoided me, though, was our neighbor, Paasha. She had seen the police take me with them and she couldn’t imagine her ‘Little Blonde’ doing anything against the law. One day she asked my mother what was going on.”

“Mirjana sees the Virgin Mary,” said my mother, not sure how Paasha would react.

“Ah,” said Paasha, nodding, and smiling, “Blessed Maryam.”

“My mother explained the entire situation, and Paasha listened with interest and respect. The Blessed Mother, it turned out, was the only woman mentioned by name in the Quran. The Quran even describes angels as saying, ‘*O Mary! God has chosen you and purified you — chosen you above all women of all nations of the world.*’ ”

"So, my story sounded plausible to Paasha, and she accepted it with love. Instead of distancing herself from us, as so many others had done, she drew closer." Mirjana went on:

“She was in our apartment one time when the priest came over to be present at an apparition. Paasha greeted him warmly, and kissed his hand before politely excusing herself to leave. On another occasion she stopped me in the hallway and looked in my eyes. I pray for you every day,” she said. Prayers and more. During the siege of Sarajevo, the rations that Paasha insisted Mirjana’s starving father and brother accept were, unbeknownst to both, at her own mortal expense.



“Paasha’s support was a ray of solace amidst constant torment,” Mirjana noted,” going on to confess that “nothing helped me cope more than my daily apparitions.” The miracles, heavenly and human, continued:

^ During one of these extraordinary visitations, Our Lady interacted with the villagers in a surprisingly intimate way.

“We gathered together one evening at a place called Gumno, meaning threshing floor — a large circular area of hard ground where farmers separated grain by having cows or horses walking in circles over it. In the Bible, John the Baptist used the same word when he figuratively described Jesus’ mission as a harvest of souls: ‘His winnowing fork is in his hand, and he will clear his threshing floor and gather his wheat into the barn, but the chaff he will burn with unquenchable fire.’ ”

"About 40 people joined us. Crickets chirped loudly and mosquitos flitted around our faces as we knelt in the red clay. We prayed and waited, and suddenly Our Lady appeared in front of us.”

“Some of the people had asked us if they could touch Our Lady, and when we presented their request, she said that whoever wanted could approach her.”

“One by one, we took their hands and guided them to touch Our Lady’s dress. The experience was strange for us visionaries – it was difficult to comprehend that only we could see Our Lady. From our perspective, guiding people to touch her was like leading the blind.”

“Their reactions were lovely, especially the children. It seemed that most felt something, a few reported a sensation like ‘electricity’ and others were overcome with emotion. But as more people touched Our Lady, I noticed black spots, forming on her dress, and the spots congealed into a large, coal-colored stain. I cried at the sight of it.”

“Her dress!” yelled, Marija, also crying. The stains, said Our Lady, represented sins that had never been confessed. She suddenly vanished.”

And on . . . . and on . . . . and on.

With the seemingly most simple and human of miracles, encounters:

^ “A young woman from Milan once brought her fiancé to Medjugorje. At first, he was upset to be here, but by the time he left he seemed happy. A few months later, he came back. “I didn’t believe in God for most of my life,” he told me. “He simply couldn’t exist. When my fiancé said that she wanted to visit Medjugorje, I only came because I love her. I would’ve gone to hell for her, not that I believe in hell.”

“When we arrived, I wanted to turn around and go home, but on our second day here, the Madonna took me in her arms. I can’t describe what I felt in my heart, but I never felt anything so wonderful. It knocked me off my feet.”

"When I got back to Italy, I met my long time friends at a café. I didn’t say anything about my trip, but I noticed that my friends all looked at me in a strange way.”

“I asked if something was wrong. ‘You’re different,’ they said. ‘Normally you’re so loud and arrogant. What’s going on with you?’ I couldn’t believe they noticed. I smiled and told them, ‘I came to know God.’ They were shocked. I’ve come back to Medjugorje to give thanks. The Madonna is helping me to become a new person.”

Mirjana picks up the thread, “I’ve heard countless testimonies similar to the young man’s. It’s important to remember that no one can ever truly say ‘I am a convert,’ because conversion is a lifelong process. Even the holiest among us can always be better.”

“When you go home,” I tell Pilgrims, “resist the urge to tell everyone what you’ve experienced. Instead, focus on *living* the message of Our Lady, and when people see the changes in you, they will ask you about it.”

Miracle of miracles . . . . What can one say? Countless the miracles were, “defiant” of words.

~ ~ ~

Taking to heart the foregoing passages, can it be, Klaus, that grace does, indeed, abound — despite our selves, our lesser selves?

Related thereto, my children grew up hearing that there are no accidents in life? Not even “accidents” are accidents. That is, our existences are *not* accidental, incidental, or coincidental. Rather, when all is said and done, might they be providential? For better and for worse.

Can it be that old Ben (Franklin) and our Founding Fathers knew what they were saying when they counseled us:

***“God governs in the affairs of men.”***

That “Power” greater than, and yet no less a part of, ourself, our self, our very Self?

What can one say, Klaus, to those of a more skeptical bent of mind . . . ? Words of a ‘brother,’ kindred spirit quietly re-sound: “I have yet to meet a fact that can overwhelm a firmly entrenched belief.” So it is, difficult (to say the least) to reason people out of something that they may not have reasoned themselves into in the first place.

All the more so, might one add, if such a *faithless belief* happens to be a stalwart pillar of modern science itself — one that dismisses the very revelation/apparition of the senses themselves? “Those,” in the words of Our Lady, “who have been given eyes but do not want to see”. Orthodoxies, dogmas hold sway not in the religious sphere alone, but in the sanctums of science itself.

~ ~ ~

*Banneux, Syracuse, Zeitounm, Akita, Betania . . . . Medjugorje.*

Mirjana gathers up the thread, fills in the picture: St. John’s Day, June 24, 1981 and the days that followed . . . . Mother Mary’s appearances to this very day, as we speak.

In the early days the wrath was real. “The persecution rose to a dangerous new level,” Mirjana would later write, “when the Yugoslav government declared the state of emergency in Medjugorje.”

“The effects of the apparitions had reverberated all the way to Belgrade, the capital of Yugoslavia, and the communists, incensed by our unwillingness to bow to their pressures, and afraid that they were losing control, became intent on quashing the problem as quickly as possible.”

“Within days, the military pushed into the village. Soldiers with automatic rifles, and snarling German Shepherd dogs took positions on the hill and in front of our homes. Military vehicles patrolled the streets. Helicopters buzzed over pilgrims as they tried to pray. It felt like we had disturbed a gigantic nest of hornets.”

“The interrogations, now done by federal police [the equivalent of the Gestapo or KGB] instead of local ones, became lengthy and more intense. I was taken in one day, and a foul-mouthed policeman became increasingly frustrated when I refused to deny the apparitions.”

“ ‘Confess,’ he said.”

“ ‘I only confess to my priest,’ I replied.” [A 15 year old girl, Klaus, known by everyone to have been most shy, “plagued by timidity,” who seldom spoke up.]

“His face turned a reddish-purple color, and the veins in his neck bulged. ‘Admit that you do not see our lady!’”

“ ‘But I do.’ ”

“At this, he pulled his handgun out of his holster, and laid it on the table between us.”

“ ‘Come clean,’ he said, glancing at the gun. ‘You didn’t see *anything*.’ ”

*“Help me, Gospa. (Mother Mary), I prayed silently.”*

*“Despite the deadly weapon on the table, I felt a strange sense of calm. After seeing Our Lady and experiencing heaven, it was nearly impossible to be afraid of anything.”*

*“‘Times up,’ said the policeman. ‘Now give me the truth.’”*

*“I looked him in the eyes, ‘The truth is that I see our lady, and I’m willing to die for her.’”*

*“He slammed his fist on the table, holstered his gun, and stormed out of the room.”*

So it was. Mirjana went on:

*“On another occasion, my mother and I met with the government-appointed social worker, whose role, it seemed, was to persuade me to deny the apparition. When we entered the office, we found him leaning back in his chair with his feet on his desk, cleaning his fingernails. “Sit down,” he said, without even glancing at us.*

*We sat across from him. He finally looked up at me and studied me for a moment. “You’re prettier than I expected. Don’t you think it’s time to grow up and stop talking to this imaginary friend of yours? Who will ever want to marry you?”*

*“Is it important to get married? I can be a nun. That possibility, in fact, had been on my mind.”*

*The man jumped out of his chair and looked down at me, his nostrils flaring. “What have nuns done for Yugoslavia!”*

*I stood, too. “And what have you contributed? You sit in that chair picking at your nails. Is that a contribution?”*

*“Stunned by my reaction, the social worker and my mom both stared at me, mouths agape.”*

*“I had reached a point where I no longer cared anymore. If the police wanted me to stop having apparitions, they would have to kill me. ‘Yea, though I walk to the valley of the shadow of death,’ I thought, ‘I will fear no evil . . . .’”*

So it was, as conveyed by one of her interrogators, himself, who years afterward was moved to seek Mirjana out and knock on her door.

*“The visitor seemed reluctant to speak and avoided eye contact.”*

*“Can I help you?” I said.*

“Please forgive me.”

“For what?”

“I am one of the policemen who interrogated you back in 1981. I’m really sorry for what we put you through.”

A moving exchange followed, in which the visitor addressed the heart of the matter: “It was your lack of fear that convinced me that you were telling me the truth.”

“I thanked him for bringing the recording and reassured him that I harbored no ill feelings from those days, ‘You were just doing your job,’ I said.”

“After every harsh interrogation,” Mirjana stated, “I asked God to give me more love, and to help me understand. I came to believe that even the policemen were instruments. I was not sure why, but it seemed like they had to be as they were, even when they were shouting and cursing.”

Is this point clear, Klaus, heart-to-heart?

“My Lord, I thought. How hopeless these people must be. How much pain they must carry inside.”

“Only a miserable man could swear at a child or threaten to kill her. I never hated them. On the contrary, I pitied them, and I asked God to give them peace.”

“Calm, the restless hearts,” I prayed. Lead them beside the still waters.”

“By praying for my persecutors, I found peace as well.”

“I knew little about politics. Our lady taught me to love everyone” — dogmatic, faithless Christians no less — “and she said that we were all brothers and sisters, regardless of our differences. She never said, dear Italians, or dear Croats, or even dear Catholics, only dear children. She came as a mother of all people.”

“She revealed to us that God’s plan would ultimately be realized through a series of future events. She began to relate these events to us with instructions to keep them secret just before the events were to take place.”

~ ~ ~

*“Love your enemy.  
Bless them who curse you.  
Do good to them who persecute you.  
Pray for them who spitefully use you and abuse you.*

Christ

“To love our enemy . . . .”

Mirjana would find that it was easier, much easier said than done.

“When I think about the suffering experienced by so many people during the war,” she noted, my eyes fill with tears.”

“War causes pain and despair, and I could never understand those who desired it. When there is no love, and when there is no faith, then the devil takes over. He comes to destroy everything good – life, peace, joy, dignity. We see it happening in places all over the world.”

And yet . . . . and yet, Klaus, can it be that the old Devil, himself, doesn't lack faith in God? What it lacks faith in is the human being, our very humanity.

The poet, James Stevens, spoke to this lack of faith, both the faithlessness and the fulfillment of such a long-awaited prophesy:

## **THE FULLNESS OF TIME**

By James Stevens

*On a rusty iron throne,  
Past the furthest star of space,  
I saw Satan sit alone,  
Old and haggard was his face;  
For his work was done,  
And he rested in eternity.*

*And to him from out the sun  
Came his father and his friend  
Saying, -- Now the work is done  
Enmity is at an end.  
And He guided Satan to  
Paradises that He knew.*

*Gabriel, without a frown;*

*Uriel, without a spear;  
Raphael, came singing down,  
Welcoming their ancient peer;  
And they seated him beside  
One who had been crucified!*

Mirjana went on, “Even when the communist persecuted me, I forgave their violence. I realize that I would be allowing them to victimized me twice if I let their actions steal my peace. Being consumed by hatred, harms our relationship with God.”

“I came to believe that it was not people, but satanic forces that ruled in the war. Men allowed the devil to influence them, and fill the void in their hearts with evil and malice.”

“Those who harmed others out of hatred now had to live with their actions, possibly forever. I recalled the story of the soldier who killed the Franciscans at Siroki Brijeg in 1945, and how he never got a night’s sleep for the rest of his life. So it was . . . .”

Mirjana carried on, “After Christmas, we received tragic news – Marco’s little brother, Stjepan, had been killed while delivering aid. He was only 22 years old. His death was almost too tragic, to comprehend, for us, and for everyone who knew him.”

"Marko was devastated. I tried to comfort him by talking about the peace of heaven, and how Stjepan was now with Our Lady, but it was hard for both of us to accept that we would never see him again – at least not during our earthly lives. Stjepan had died within days of the feast of Saint Stephen. Like the first Christian martyr after whom he was named, Stjepan’s unshakable faith led him to risk his life for the sake of others.”

“In the face of such a tragedy, all we could do was pray, but it was impossible not to feel bitterness towards those who brought war to the region. I struggled to see Jesus in everyone, as our lady asked us to do. It was easy to look at the victims of the war as my brothers and sisters in Christ, but what about the victimizers?”

“For if you love those who love you,” Jesus said in the Bible, “what recompense will you have?”

“I knelt with the intention of praying for Milosevic himself (former president of Serbia, who wrought so much suffering), and for the grace to see him as my brother instead of an enemy.”

“I intended to pray that Milosevic would see his errors and be moved to stop the bloodshed, but every time I said his name, or thought about him, I was immediately repulsed.”

“I was looking for Jesus in Milosevic's actions, whereas I should have seen him as a fellow child of God, a son of Our Lady, and a brother of Jesus – albeit one who had wandered into darkness.”

“I knew that God did not dwell where he was not welcome, and whatever was in Milosevic's heart seem to leave little room for love. But I also believe that if Our Lady had to use just one word to answer every question ever asked of her, it would probably be ‘Pray.’ Our prayers, she said, had the power to change everything.”

“This was the beginning of one of the most intense inner struggles I’ve ever experienced to forgive the seemingly unforgivable.”

“On February 4, 1994, 68 people were killed and many more wounded when the mortar attack hit a crowded marketplace in Sarajevo . . . . Our Lady came surprisingly joyful and her message was filled with hope.”

“ ‘Today my heart is filled with happiness,’ she said. She asked us to allow her to lead us, and to pray every day. ‘You see for yourselves that with our prayer all evils are destroyed,’ she continued. ‘Let us pray and hope.’ ”

“On the same day, the leaders of the Muslims and Croats of Bosnia–Herzegovina met in Washington, DC. They signed an agreement that ended the fighting between them and created the federation of Bosnia–Herzegovina. Partial peace had come. But the Serbs vowed to continue fighting.”

“The remembrance of Christ suffering took on new meaning during lent. Our 40 days of fasting and abstinence united us with victims of the war, who had nothing to eat, and Jesus' wounds were mirrored in the horrible images shown on the news.”

Gathering up the strands of the thread, “many would argue that Milosevic and his allies knew what they were doing,” Mirjana noted, “but I came to see it in a different way: if they did not know, God, then, in reality, they knew nothing.”

“Years before, I was deeply disturbed after Our Lady showed me what awaited people who chose darkness over light, so how could I wish that upon anyone? If I wanted my enemies to suffer for eternity, I would be no better than them, and perhaps, even worse, because as atheists, they did not believe that death led to anything eternal.”

“Perhaps the fact that Milosevic’s mother, father and uncle committed suicide, when he was younger led to his indifference towards life, and maybe his atheism was a result of the communist education system.”

“Does the blame for his conduct fall solely on him or on his environment, or on the combination of things, perhaps? Only God truly knows; only he can judge. But if life seems meaningless, and God did not exist for Milosevic, then what incentive did he have to strive for goodness?”



“Thinking about Milosevic in this way, my anger gradually turned into empathy, and my prayers became stronger. In the end, love prevailed, and I was able to see Milosevic as my brother in Jesus. I soon found it possible to pray for him with no ill feelings, and I asked God to help him find redemption.”

“That experienced help me better understand why Our Lady asked us to pray for those who have not come to know God’s love. When one knows the love of God, he cannot wage war.”

“I pray that everyone who had done bad things during the war might discover this love – that they might banish evil from their hearts, and that there might be no more war.”

“In her message on March 18, 1997, Our Lady said, *‘genuine peace will be had only by the one who sees and loves my son in his neighbor’*. And on March 18, 2005, she said, *‘The way to my son, who is true peace and love, passes through the love for all neighbors.’*”

“Nothing should prevent us from seeing Jesus in other people, not differences in race, religion, politics, or trivial things, like the way someone dresses, or what they do for a living.”

“Our Lady asks us to see Jesus in everyone. In the homeless man begging for spare change. In the Muslim, and the Serb. In the atheist, who doesn’t believe in Jesus and the Christian, who doesn’t understand him.”

“In the newborn baby and in the unborn baby. In your priest, in your bishop, and in the pope. In those who hurt you and those you have hurt. In the thief. In the drug addict. In the worst sinner, you know. And, perhaps, most importantly, in yourself. See Jesus in EVERYONE.”

“As human beings, we make all sorts of excuses, to circumvent the commandment of loving our neighbors, as we love ourselves. ‘Forgive, but don’t forget,’ some say, or the Croatian proverb, ‘The wolf changes his fur, but never his temperament.’”

True love, however, has no conditions.

~ ~ ~

Father Jozo picked up the thread, Klaus, “Our strength is on our knees, in our hands put together for prayer, in our carrying the cross. Our strength comes from our Lord, God. There is no other strength, no other wisdom, no other victory . . . . than through humbleness, love and sacrifice.”

An earlier passage from Mirjana's "testament" returns to mind. One of the other visionaries expressed her anguish about the days events to the Virgin, "Will we be able to endure all of this?"

" 'You will, my angels,' she [Our Lady] said, in the most motherly way, 'Do not fear.' "

The "testament," reckoning goes on, Klaus, "The heavy blueness behind Our Lady dimmed as an unfamiliar form appeared above her right shoulder," Mirjana stated, "the figure of a bloodied and bruised man with brown eyes and a beard. I could only see the man's shoulders and head, and his face was locked in an expression of intense suffering . . . . I realized who it was when I saw the thorny crown on his head."

"Look at the one who gave everything for faith," said Our Lady, "so that what you are going through may not seem too much."

"The figure melted back into the blueness behind Our Lady. I was thankful to have seen a glimpse of Jesus, but also a little ashamed that I ever thought of my suffering as too much. The experience made me careful to never give myself too much importance, or think of myself as some kind of victim."

So it was, for those with eyes to see, hearts to hearken. The Spirit, Klaus, was afoot/a-wing, on the move, blowing in the wind . . . ."

Mirjana gathered up the thread, "Dr. Glamuzina, the skeptical pediatrician, who examined us that morning came to observe the apparition — or, more precisely, to observe *us* during it. "

"Witnesses said that her look of skepticism changed to fascination when she saw our faces. She asked Vicka to present a few questions to Our Lady and Vicka agreed to do so."

" 'Ask her who she is,' Dr. Glamuzina said."

"Vicka presented the question and Our Lady replied, 'I am the Queen of Peace.' "

" 'How can we have peace when there are so many different religions?' asked the doctor."

"Vicka relayed the question, and Our Lady answered, 'There is but one faith and one God.' [ That embraces all in LOVE, Our Lady would make clear. ]

"Dr. Glamuzina asked why Our Lady chose to appear in Bijalocivi off all places. 'I came here because people pray and have strong faith,' she answered."

"The doctor then asked if she could try to touch what we were looking at, and we presented the question."

“‘She may,’ said Our Lady.”

“We directed Dr. Glamuzina to Our Lady. The doctor reached out, but Our Lady suddenly ascended and disappeared. Dr. Glamuzina immediately turned to us with a look of distress on her face and said, ‘She’s gone, hasn’t she?’ ”

“‘Yes,’ said Vicka. ‘She’s gone’.”

“‘Did she say anything?’ ”

“ ‘She said, there have always been doubting Judases,’ and then she left.”

“Dr. Glamuzina’s countenance was filled with sadness. She descended the hill with an astonished look on her face. She declared that she believed us, and, soon after, she returned to her Catholic roots, and even started singing in the church choir.”

“ ‘When I tried to touch Our Lady,’ she said, recounting her experience, ‘I had this incredible feeling. It was as if I knew that she was leaving, and in what direction. I later confirmed it with the visionaries.’ ”

“ ‘At first, when they told me what Our Lady said about doubting Judases, I was offended. But then a clear and peaceful realization came over me: These children really see Our Lady! I was, indeed, like Judas; I wanted to unmask them. I did not believe them. But after my experience, I was ashamed, and I felt deep humility before the grandeur of Our Lady who read me and – like a good mother – gave me a warning.’ ”

“ ‘That early apparition was also memorable,’ Mirjana went on to say, ‘because a man brought his severely disabled three-year-old son to the Hill. The boy’s name was Danijel, and he had been paralyzed and unable to talk from the time he was a baby. His parents came hoping for a healing . . . .That night Danijel started walking and talking.’ ”

So it is, Klaus, Amazing/Saving Grace.

~ ~ ~

*“We wish to be settled, but our salvation lies in being unsettled.”*

Ralph Waldo Emerson

In these troubling times in which we find ourselves, old friend, is there a more significant, and comforting, revelation — for those with eyes to see, ears to hear, with

hearts to hearken . . . awaken to all that *“travails in birth, and is pained to be delivered”*?

Ever the Blessed Mother appears at our side, holding/ beholding us within her loving gaze, her eternal embrace. Quietly her words resound:

*“Dear Children, you have forgotten that through prayer, fasting, and above all your example, loving example, that you can avert wars [pandemics] and suspend the laws of nature themselves.”*

“Schrodinger, the celebrated Austrian physicist took up the thread:  
“. . . We must be prepared to find a new kind of physical law. Or are we to term it non-physical, not to say a super-physical law?”

*“What may be our greatest need in this area of experience is a leap of thought to the level of reality beyond our present scientific instrumentation.”*

*“This reality is observable and measurable only through its effects on human lives, but even then it does not lend itself to controlled experiment or laboratory analysis.”*

So it is, Klaus.

*So it has always been.*

So it will ever be.

Can we imagine such a force, such an inner, *invisible* presence that not only stands behind and “girds” the outer visible world, but enlivens, animates, and would consecrate, sanctify the very trials and tribulations that are granted us?

*“I desire to be a mother to you, a teacher of the truth — so that in the simplicity of an open heart, you may become cognizant of the immeasurable purity [love] and of the light which comes from it and shatters darkness, the light which brings hope . . . .”*

*“I’m calling on you, children, to be courageous and not to grow weary, because even the smallest good — the smallest sign of love — conquers evil.”*

**SO BE IT.**

~ ~ ~

Manila, Medjugorje, Betania, Akita, Zeitounm, Syracuse,  
Banneux, Beauraing, Fatima, Lourdes, Guadalupe, Zaragoza, Patmos.

*“And there appeared a great wonder in heaven; a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars: And she being with child cried, travailing in birth, and pained to be delivered.*

*And there appeared another wonder in heaven; and behold a great red dragon, having seven heads and ten horns, and seven crowns upon his heads . . . .”*

*“And his tail drew the third part of the stars of heaven, and did cast them to the earth: and the dragon stood before the woman which was ready to be delivered, for to devour her child as soon as it was born.”*

~

*“A voice was heard in Ramah, lamentation and bitter mourning; Rahel, weeping for her son, refused to be comforted, because her children were not.”*

The Prophet Jeremiah (31:15)

These words of the prophet, Klaus, began this year’s Holy Nights offering, whose opening lines follow:

**Dear Beloved Son, Family and Friends, Kith and Kin Alike,**

I greet you on Christmas Eve, Weih-nacht, in German, the Night-of-Initiation/Consecration.

Can you hear Rahel’s lamentation, her bitter mourning at the birth of Jesus/the death of her children.

As the next wave of the Global Pandemic arises, the mounting drama that we, human-kind, have been cast into, many as unwitting actors, do fears awaken within you in the blank face of the gathering masks and re-sounding omens of an even more deadly, fear-filled pandemic? Can it be?

Words of a saint, Timothy, commend themselves anew to our heart of hearts:

*“The Good Lord did not give us the spirit of fear,  
but of **Power**, of **Love** and of a **Sound Mind**.”*

SO BE IT.

“It was the best of times, it was the worst of times.”

*The worst of times and the very best.*

**Timing**

~

The first Holy Night offering on Christmas eve, the Night of Initiation/Consecration set, the scene, Klaus, for the unfolding drama in which we, humankind, have been cast.

For those with ears to hear . . . .

### **Palm Sunday**

*“The Word was made flesh and came to dwell within us...”*

Silently he, the Son of God, mounts the lowliest of creatures, the donkey’s colt, and leads the small procession of brethren, sistern toward the Holy City. The peace, tranquility, and safety of gentle Galilee lies behind them.

As the Christ rides through the East Gate, people look up — old and young, men, women, and children alike — startled, astounded . . . . And then suddenly, as seized by an ancient divination, they call out: *“Hosanna (save my soul). Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest!”*

In a frenzy the crowd hurries to spread clothes and palm leaves before the silent Savior. The scales have fallen from the eyes of the people, for a moment, a moment... as they beheld the long-awaited Messiah.



The Pharisees are horrified “and tell Jesus to quiet His followers, lest the Romans think it’s a revolt and come for blood.” The Christ responds: “I tell you that, if these [children]

should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out.”

Unmoved by the ecstasy, jubilation, The Christ rides on.

Through the tumult His vision pierces to the days ahead when the tide will turn, and the same souls, many, who clamor about him, calling out praises — Hosanna! Hosanna! — will press upon Him with shrieks of hatred: “CRUCIFY HIM! CRUCIFY HIM!”  
The old sun that had stood royally in the heavens would soon set, the new sun to arise.

The drama of the Holy Week begins, Klaus . . . .

And Judas? Where is brother Judas in the midst, the tumult...?

The drama will draw to its culmination on the eve of Passover, when in the Upper Room the Master, Son of God, Himself, rises from the table, girds himself with a towel, and bends down to wash the feet, the very feet of the disciples.

Can it be? / So it is.

And Mother Mary, what, old friend, moves in her emblazoned heart?

~

Inspired by the Mother of Mothers, this prayer is dedicated, old friend, to my beloved son, to my parents, and to all who have been victims of **The Global Pandemic**, the most heart-rending and universal tragedy of the ages.

This “testament” is dedicated, above all, to those babes in their mothers’ wombs, who never saw the light of day, who were never granted the vision of their future. I speak of what has come to be recognized as the age-old “murder of the innocents,” our innocence.

.... *Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners.*

Through the Advent season, Holy Nights and on across the threshold of the “New Year” to January 6th, “Three King’s Day,” Epiphany itself, “*The Day of the Return of the Light from Above*,” on into the ever New Year . . . . may our hearts and minds be kindled with an inexorable vision for the future — the vision of healing and renewal that re-sounds through Abraham Lincoln’s “Second Inaugural Address.”

Forty-two days after that providential reckoning, on Good Friday itself, “Father Abraham” offered up his own “last full measure of devotion”:

*“With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation’s [and world’s] wounds . . . .”*

~ May the Peace be with you, Klaus / You with the Peace ~

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